SKETCHES

OF

OXFORD COUNTY,

Maine

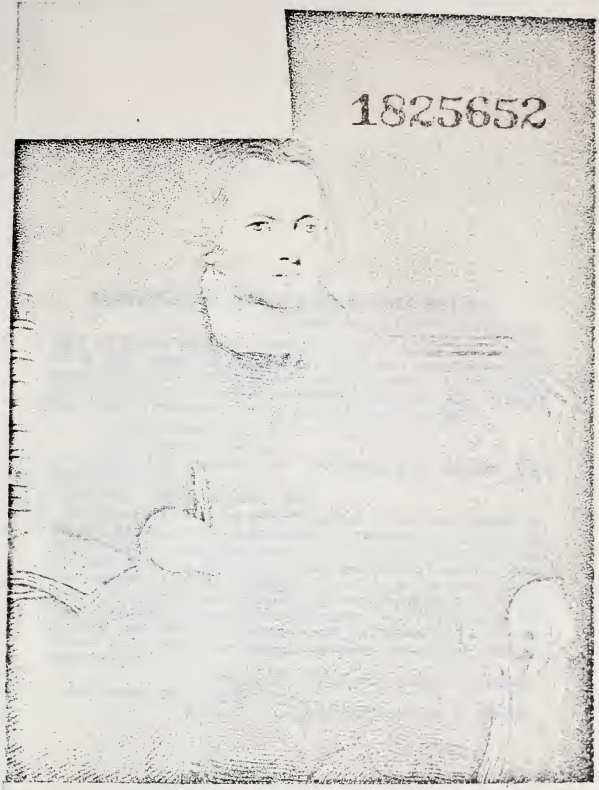
BY THOMAS T. STONE,
Pastor of the Church in Andover.

APPROVED BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE M. S. S. UNION.

PORTLAND:

BY SHIRLEY AND HYDE.

1830.



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Late of the University of Oxford,
and
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OXFORD SKETCHES.

The Domestic Evening.

I will imagine a scene; it is among the loveliest in a world, which has innumerable joys mingled with its many sorrows. I remember such an one in my childhood, and how I loved it. It was in early spring or autumn, when, after the toil or play of the day, I came into the house which my mother had prepared for the evening; a brisk fire from the hearth playing on the windows and ceiling; my mother smiling on her talkative children as they gathered around her; my father resting from his day's work, and their little ones clambering about him to hear his stories or his song; these make up the scene of bliss which I never can forget. A scene like this, I will imagine in some fathers' house among the mountains of Oxford, as his rosy cheeked boys and girls sit at his feet or climb his knees, and cast their beaming eyes on his happy face, while he and their mother alternately repeat the tales which they heard

from their parents, or of which they are among the subjects. The mother, to whom I will give the name of Greenwood, begins the evening by the story of

The First Settlers.

"Nearly forty years have passed since a good father, who lived in one of the older settlements in a neighboring state, thought of emigrating with his family to the new country. Several towns, in what is now the County of Oxford, were then beginning to receive cultivation. Through these he passed without finding a place such as he sought, till he reached the Androscoggin. Its rich intervals and the lands bordering on them, were the first spots with which he was satisfied. They had few settlers, nor did he despair of finding better land beyond them. To one who travels down the banks of this stream, even now that they have received such abundant culture, as he casts his eye on the shaggy tops of the many hills and mountains which contract the prospect, and appear almost impervious to human footsteps, the first feeling is of impossibility that beyond them still streams and fertile plains should invite the pursuit of men. But in the very moment when cultivation seems to have reached its limits, new fields and good farm-

houses rise to the view. Perhaps from the dark forests of an earlier period, these apparent limits of labor did not present themselves: the shades which overspread the plain may have hidden also the frowning and interminable brow of the mountains. At any rate, the emigrant passed them.

"In the northern part of Oxford County, there is a small stream tributary to the Androscoggin, called Ellis River. It has three branches, two descending from the mountains to the north and north-west, and the third issuing from a pond, which bears the same name with the river, lying to the east. It forms along its banks a large quantity of beautiful interval; above rises a plain, which as you go to the north, opens for several miles into a widening tract of fertile land. On every side but the south, where it winds its way to the Androscoggin, mountains, here distant and covered with forests, here jutting into the valley, and bared either by nature or by terrible fires which have swept them to the summit, form in their rough grandeur, a strange contrast with the smoothness and beauty of the valley. Into this nook, whither scarce any had entered but the Indian as he chased the wild beast or fished in the waters, the emigrant betook himself. He brought his family to an abode in the

forest, many miles beyond the dwelling of white men. They lived two years without a neighbor; the husband and the wife, and many children, to whom another was added in the wilderness.

"At an early period of their marriage, they declared themselves disciples of Jesus Christ. They brought in their heart reverence for the principles of christianity, and with their possessions (for they were neither poor nor rude in manners) books, of which they valued most, both for themselves and for their children, the volume of inspiration; and on the Sabbath, and morning and evening, from their cottage in the woods, the voice of prayer went up before God. Their children were attached to books; they were well instructed; and, far from all other society, they must have loved each other with more than common affection. In due time, many of them were sent abroad to gain an education beyond what they could acquire at home; nor were their advantages misimproved.

"Meantime the town was gaining in population. Other respectable families at once aided its progress, and gave it a good reputation for morality and intelligence. A church was formed; a minister was obtained; a second has succeeded; the emigrants re-

main; their children live, some in their own neighborhood, others in more distant places; not one has died; most are professed worshippers of their fathers' God; and in a happy old age, they see you, my dear children, growing up to love and bless *the first settlers.*

"Now, my children," says Mr. Greenwood, "I will describe another scene, and urge you in imitating the virtues of your ancestors, to avoid the vices by which so many are exposed to destruction. You have heard of

"*The Falls of the Androscoggin.*

"The first time I saw them, (and I had never before seen falls whose descent exceeded thirty feet) I was disappointed. It was in August; the season was so dry, that, instead of a mighty cataract, it seemed rather like some brook swollen by heavy rains and tumbling over a steep and rocky channel. But in the Spring when the streams are filled by snows melted on the mountains, beneath which the Androscoggin and its branches rise and flow, it sweeps a broader path and foams with deeper fury. On the southern side of the river, the woods still stand in sombre grandeur, forming a prospect beautifully adapted to the character of the scenery. On the side through which

the road passes, there is also a portion of forest remaining; but as the industry of man, which converts every thing to profit, has already formed Mills which are carried by the waters of the Fall, and opened farms which seem now to encroach upon its domains, we may expect that ere long the wildness of nature will give place to the products of labor. After tumbling down its rocks, the river still rushes furiously onward, and, within a short distance, is swelled by a noisy and changeable stream, to which, from the rapidity of its current, and still more the suddenness of its transitions from a purling brook to a broad and deep river, the country has given the expressive name of Swift.

"It is a fact well known in the region of the Androscoggin, and has already gone into print, that as a Mr. Rolfe who died in Rumford a few months since, was one night crossing the Androscoggin, his boat took a wrong direction, fell within the current which dashes over the falls, struck a rock which peers above the waters on the verge of the descent, and leaving him safely upon the rock, was hurled into the basin beneath. In the morning, he was casually discovered by a few men, seemingly composed in his perilous situation. They first attempted to rescue him by boats held and drawn by

ropes; but the moment they reached the verge of the cataract, their hold wasbroken. At length a rope bound round a tree was thrown to him: he tied it about his body, and his friends drew him uninjured to the shore.

"He was an intemperate man; and it is said to have been the impotence of intoxication which exposed him in this perilous situation."

"Oh, my children," exclaimed the warm hearted mother, "I lost from my bosom a lovely infant, and I had rather follow each of you to a grave by its side than see you given to intemperance. You must shun other vices also. You must not break the Sabbath. The old man whom you see with us so often, frequently tells how observant of this holy day an Indian was whom he knew when he first came into the wilderness. "It was Sabbath; there was no meeting; we felt solitary and walked along the interval to a wigwam. The red man refused to leave his camp till the Sabbath was over." It was contrary to his education and principles; and if you, my little ones, disobey God by breaking his Sabbath, oh, how will this untutored *Savage*, as we call him, condemn you in the day of judgment."

There was silence for a while. The chil-

dren at length exclaimed at once, "Can't you tell us some more stories? The evening has but just begun, and we do not wish to go to bed." "Yes," replies the father, "I can tell you a long story now, and we will call it

"*Lake Umbagog.*

"It was a beautiful morning in September, when I left home—I then lived far to the north—to solemnize two marriages, and to spend the Sabbath in a small settlement on the Magalloway River. After travelling a few miles, first on the plain which spreads between Ellis River and the blue mountains that rise and extend beyond it to the borders of New-Hampshire, thence over a rough track now shaded by a second growth of forest-trees, and now peering in naked sterility to the clouds, now crossing a turbulent stream foaming over the rocks which form its bed toward a branch of the Ellis, that here winds between dark and barren hills, and now touching or passing near the narrow strips of interval which occasionally open amidst the dreariness of the scenery, I entered the deep forest, which, with few interruptions, reaches to the Umbagog and its neighboring Lakes. It was not an unknown path. The first time I had traversed it, was for a different purpose. A

poor old man, whose son had chosen for his farm a lot near one of the openings in the forest, by some casualty received a wound of which he died. I was called to his funeral. I went eight miles on Saturday, and spent the night at a small and neat house occupied by an interesting family, who have since left it for a less secluded abode. A partial opening had been made in a lot between their own and the farm, in Andover; but it had been cultivated, I presume, merely enough to yield a single harvest, and no house had been erected. Beyond them, though not within sight, a log-hut arose on a spot, from which the trees of a few acres had been cut down. Here they lived on a green plain remote from the habitations of men, the mountain on one side towering above them, and the Ellis, here but a brook, rippling at their feet. Over the opposite bank, the trees still lifted their tall bodies, and hung their wide-spread and leafy branches. A fallen trunk bridged the tranquil current. It is a scene which none who loves to converse with nature, and commune with its Author, would willingly leave untrod when a bright morning beamed through its shades or the sun made a golden set. On the morning of the Sabbath, with the owner of this beautiful valley, I went to the house

where the funeral was to be attended. It was but four miles; yet from the state of the road, my ride occupied near two hours. The road was cut through a mountainous tract, and from the thinness of the population little improved—rough, muddy, and steep. At length we reached the opening. It is on a richly wooded hill, from which the mountains on every side are seen lifting their dark forests or their white cliffs to the sky; and through the trees, when the branches and the undergrowth are stripped of their leaves, a glimpse is caught of the Umbagog embosomed in trackless woods. The solemnities of a funeral need no description in a world of death. But here was something peculiarly solemn. The log-hut in which it was attended, stood alone; there was not another within four miles on either side. The hill had been cleared but a few years; there was no burial-place—but from the arms of a few men who had come miles to attend the obsequies of poverty, a solitary grave took him to its bosom, and keeps him safe as the rich man's tomb, to the coming of the Son of God.

"At the time of my present journey, I was to consummate the union, which should be of souls. I had several miles beyond the scene of the funeral to pass through the

woods before I came to the house where I should spend the night previous to taking the boat which was to carry me over the lake and along the rivers that stretched between me and the end of my route. On the morning of Saturday, with a friend who accompanied me the rest of the way, I went a few miles on foot to meet our boat. I had taken a few books to read on my passage; but the motion of the boat, the dazzling rays reflected from the water, and my curiosity to observe the new objects about me, rendered them useless. There could scarcely be a lovelier day for enjoyment of my situation. The sun went up and descended a cloudless sky; there was no wind to agitate the waters; it was all the peculiar and soothing repose of early autumn. We left behind us the habitations of man; there was little before us or around us but the workmanship of God. No human dwelling was near save that of a solitary native, who is spending his last and untended years amid the ancient forests. We touched a point still covered with its native wood, and went to it. It was made of bark. We opened the frail and misshapen door, and entered. It had no floor but the earth; in the centre was a stick suspended horizontally with hooks to receive any vessel hung over the fire, which, when neces-

sary, was kindled on the ground beneath. On the side was a poor preparation for the occupant and any hunter or fisherman who might ask his hospitality, when they stretched themselves in their blankets for repose. The camp was now abandoned for a time; its owner had crossed the lake in his canoe, and begun his hunting scout among the northren mountains. He is an aged Indian; his name, Netalloch. Along the shore of this lake, he has spent many years; alone by its side he buried his wife; here he has chosen the spot for his own grave. But who is there to lay him by the side of her he loved? And how is he to find his way to the blessed home of Spirits? Like many of his nation, he is addicted to intemperance, and though observant of the Sabbath, yet he can know little of religion—almost nothing, I suppose, but from papal tradition." "Oh," exclaimed the interested mother, "that Jesus Christ might shine into his heart, and send the light of his Gospel, and the influence of his Spirit, to the millions who are going down to the grave without God and without hope."

"And," cried the children at once, "if he could be with us! Father and Mother would teach him, and we would give him our little books, and he could go to meeting with us

Sabbath-day, and hear about God, and learn to be good."

The father continued—"We took again to our boat. There was little of novelty in the prospect of a calm lake and sky, and of uninterrupted woods, hills, and valleys. There was but one thing to remind us that men were not far off. The borders of the lake and the streams about it, are often natural meadow, yielding a long and smooth grass, which, though not equal to the products of cultivated farms, furnishes a tolerable provision for cattle, peculiarly valuable when there is scarcity of clover and other kinds of hay. Of this grass, every now and then we saw a large quantity collected in stacks, to which in the winter the farmers go with sleds, and remove it to their barns.

"We came at length to the Androscoggin, which, after mingling its waters with the long chain of lakes stretching to the northeast, here issues forth, and flows for a considerable distance through an unsubdued country, then enters the region of cultivation, and between Shelburne and Gilead comes into Maine, thence through many beautiful and thriving towns takes its course to the ocean. I had before passed it after its union with the Kennebec. I had before stood near the junction of these noble streams. I

had before traversed the banks of both, where they were rich with culture or crowned with large and flourishing villages. Now amidst mountains and forests I was at the head of the one, and from the waters of the Umbagog, I sailed down its calm bosom, and gathered the high cranberries or stooped my head beneath the bushes which hung wildly over its channel.

"Our course was turned. We entered the Magalloway, a beautiful branch of the Androscoggin. We still continued to make our way through scenes like those we had passed, till we landed near two of the few houses which are scattered for several miles along the Magalloway. Thence we walked two miles through a footpath opened in the woods to the house where the Sabbath was spent.—My work was finished, and we prepared early on Monday to retrace our path. The lake was as calm, the air as serene, the sky as blue as before, and we arrived happily at the house of my companion. The next evening I spent at home.

"The small settlements on the Magalloway are partly in this State, and partly in New Hampshire. They are either on intervals or on uplands contiguous to the stream which is there but a brook in the dry season, though it has sometimes risen by excessive rains to

such a height as to surround a house which stands on the bank. There is but is a narrow strip of land between the mountains, susceptible of culture; but higher up the river it is said to expand into a broad and fertile region. From a mountain which almost overhangs the narrow opening, a large quantity of earth carrying the rocks and trees in its path, rushed down a few years since, and as it fell, was heard by some of the inhabitants, who were ignorant what its thunder might import, with equal astonishment and terror. The desolation it left, visible at a great distance, continues to disclose its broader dimensions as you obtain a nearer view of the scathed mountain-side. Of the people who dwell beneath these mountains, it need only be said, that like others in similar situations, they are in want of full and adequate instruction in christianity, and in the elementary branches of education.

"More than twenty years ago, when there was neither house nor road between Andover and the towns in New Hampshire, a gentleman procured from the former place a party to assist him in breaking a path, and carrying a load beyond the lake. It was in the depth of winter. The weather was pleasant at the time of their departure, but a severe snow-storm fell in their absence—

the weather became excessively cold, and the path over the lake almost impassable. Those who took care of the teams, had neither food nor fire. They were in this state near two days, and one of them was so dreadfully frozen as to render the amputation of both his legs necessary for his recovery.

"It is but four or five years since on one of the lakes in the vicinity a more fatal event occurred. Two young men left Andover together—the one, for a place where he was engaged in labor beyond the lake—the other, after accompanying him awhile, to return. It was late in April. The individual who had returned, went in a few days across the lake, expecting to meet his friend. He was not there, nor had any thing been known of his attempt to pass the lake. The cause could not be doubted. I saw the venerable and grief-worn father when he was going to search anew and in vain for the body of his lost son. A limb and part of his dress were afterwards found, carried by the water to a shoaler place in the lakes. Thus it is, that *in the midst of life we are in death.*

"This region, now obscure and wild, will ere long be occupied by a busy population. The parents and the children of large and wealthy towns know little either of the trials.

or of the enjoyments, the blessings, or dangers, which await the pioneers by whom it is destined to be opened. But they can do something to increase the one and diminish the other; they can do away the prejudices which too often fasten to the remembrance of them; they can aid in enlarging the number of ministers and teachers; they can help to send them good books and pious missionaries; they can pray that the God of nature, who is so great in all his works, but greater in the construction of the soul than in every other on earth, would enrich them with his grace, and hasten the time when every abode of man shall be the temple of his worship.

"Go now, my children, to your rest; tomorrow we promised to visit the grave-yard with you, and there we shall find new subjects for conversation, and thought, and prayer."

Evening Prayer of a Cottager.—BURNS.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
  The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
  That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
  No more to sigh or shed the better tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,

In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply in some cottage far apart,
May hear well pleased the language of the soul,
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

The Grave Yard.

Neither the parents nor the children forgot the promised visit to the grave-yard. There is something solemn to every thinking mind in recollections of the grave, and now it was enough to sober the garrulous and playful spirit of childhood. The first to interrupt the silence was Mr. Greenwood;—"I always loved the grave-yard. My mind was contemplative in boyhood; I felt myself the creature of God formed and destined to immortality. I remember one old and solitary burial-place, to which I used often to go. When my daily task of study was finished, I have left my companions to their amusement, and, as it drew toward twilight, gone alone to that sacred spot. There were the old and the young, the obscure and the renowned; and

I well remember one stone overgrown with moss, which bore the name of a man, who, probably a century ago, held a commission under the British sovereign. This place of the dead was peculiar. It stood on a vast and desolate plain; the houses in its vicinity were few and old and poor. A deserted church reared its unpainted side, now brown with age, by its gate, aiding the great impression which every thing around conspired to deepen, of the desolation to which all human things are destined. Within its enclosure, I have seen the child of three years old laid to rest, and to a grave by his side, I saw men but a little after commit the father, whose memory still lives in my heart, and will live there till I see him again."—He paused with emotion, then resumed—"I loved him as a father, and he was a father to all whom he taught. Yet remember, my children, that after a life of distinguished virtue and usefulness, he left it as his dying testimony that *he hoped for salvation only in Jesus.* Long before this affecting scene, I had gone to that holy place, and returned with rekindled devotion and purified desires. I learned to expect mortality; I learned a higher lesson; I felt that the soul, imperishable as the MIND that formed it, lives in a world to which this is but the avenue."

They now entered the grave-yard. It was small, and in many parts overrun with low bushes; for it was not here, as in the burial-places of older towns, where every portion of earth has been removed in opening some spot for interment. Nor were there any proud monuments, any family tombs; there were even but a few stones inscribed to the memory of the dead. The raised and crumbled earth, and a stake or an unhewn stone at the head and the foot of the grave, were their humble memorials. Mrs. Greenwood knew best their names and characters; for she was walking over the ashes of her ancestors and their companions in life and in death. She told them of one who sleeps without a stone far from the land of his fathers, and far from her who would have been his bride. She saw the fever bring down his strength; she was with him till he died; she forever cherished his memory. Time softened her grief; she became the wife of another. He left her in widowhood. She was a servant of Christ; so was her first friend. Severed on earth, their spirits are now rejoined in the bosom of their God.—Here she pointed out the graves of two venerable patriarchs, the children of one mother, and brethren by higher birth. Each had his peculiar virtues, both served their God, and died as they had

lived, in the faith of Jesus. The wives of both are with them here, and I trust, above. I remember them," she continued, "in my childhood, and I remember others of the young also, who are here asleep. Here, my children, is a sister of mine, and near her a sister of your own, the little one who died in my arms. They were both lovely in life; they were lovelier in death. Oh, there is something in the countenance of an infant, when the breath has ceased, so tranquil, the lips are half-opened in so sweet a smile, the eyes so gently closed as in quiet sleep, I cannot avoid the feeling that it is the emblem of its unseen destiny."

"Yes," replied Mr. Greenwood, "and I cannot join with those who censure, as extravagant, in its application to infancy, the beautiful stanza of Milton:—

> Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
> Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
> Or that thy beauties lie in wo my bed.
> Hid from the world in a low-delved tomb;
> Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom?
> Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
> Above mortality, that showed thou wast divine."

Meantime the children were alternately listening to the conversation of their parents, and speaking to each other about the sadness of dying, of leaving their play-mates and

lying down in the cold earth. They regained, at length, their buoyancy of feeling. "Tell us, dear father," they exclaimed, "the history of some of those who have died and are buried here."

"There is not much that is eventful as to many of them," he replied. "I might tell you of an old Indian woman, who used to traverse this region, and how many thought her a humble christian; but I know little about her. I might tell you of some good people, whom your mother has not named; and, I am afraid, of some who were not good; (but it is for God to judge the heart,) yet theirs was the common lot. Like others, they had their sunny hours, and their dark hours, their virtues and their vices, and now the grave has closed over both. But I recollect an event which had in it something of greater interest than is usual even in death. The interest arose from the history of the old man, who, after sufferings from which we are exempt, died at last peacefully among his children and friends. I was at his funeral. After alluding to the different periods, infancy, childhood, and maturity, at which death comes, the preacher proceeded—"Sometimes we behold one after a long life, lay it down and go to rest. How many scenes, we think, has he passed in his pilgrimage! Through what vicis-

situdes has he gone in his journey below! He has often endured adversity, often enjoyed prosperity. Frequently he has felt his heart raised in joy; with equal frequency, perhaps, it has sunk in grief. When he dies, it is not unnatural to recall the changes through which his country has passed within his recollection. Perhaps he has seen its face covered with forests, and scarce traversed but by the wild-beast and the savage hunter. Partly perhaps by his own efforts, the field has succeeded the forest, and the village an Indian wigwam. On the spot where the wild-beast was hunted, the products of agriculture are abundant. In other days, he saw, perhaps, the savage lying in ambush for the white man, and feared the tomahawk and scalping-knife. Perhaps he was himself seized and carried into captivity. He has witnessed successive wars, and rejoiced in the return of peace. He has seen his country subject to foreign dominion; he has shared in its independence and prosperity. He has seen houses everywhere reared for the instruction of the young, and where the wilderness spread, an edifice for the worship of Jehovah. This last scene," added the preacher, "we have lately witnessed. We are assembled to attend the funeral rites of him, who, after passing through all these changes, and surviving to

a good old age, has now begun another existence."

"And," the mother rejoined, "as a preparation for leaving this place with those feelings with which it should ever be associated, and for the religious services which are to day appointed for the children of the village, I will repeat other sentiments from the same discourse. 'Were man but the creature of a day; were that existence which we spend on earth the only period for exerting our mental powers, for enduring sorrow or enjoying happiness; were man doomed, after unfolding his high capacities, to sink into annihilation, it were less important to think of the close of life. But when we reflect that this is a state of trial and education, that our powers and capacities are perpetual, and that they will be endless sources of joy or woe; when we add the thought, that with the close of life, the condition of each individual is assigned, the subject assumes a solemnity which neither human language can describe nor the human mind conceive. When we go to our appointed mansion with the dead, we shall not sleep in unconsciousness. Even our bodies will rise, and we shall stand before the judgment-seat. All human distinctions vanish in the grave; none remains for the judgment but that of sin and holiness, of vice and

virtue, of impiety and obedience to God. From the immense assembly Jesus Christ will gather his approved disciples, while others are left behind; these assigned to punishment, those united with their Lord in glory. Oh blessed hour to the believer! How bright the morning which shall drive all darkness from the tomb, and open the paradise of God! Toward this paradise, if disciples of Christ, we are swiftly advancing. There all our pious friends will meet us, and join us in the everlasting worship and service. *Here* they may be removed to a distance from us, as they must leave us at death; and while they are with us, both they and we suffer from mutual imperfections. *There* we shall meet them all; they will be perfect, and we shall be perfect; they will be immortal, and we shall stand with them before the throne.'"

Separation of Christian Friends.—MONTGOMERY.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
Which finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,

Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

The Lecture for Children.

It was afternoon; the parents and the children had returned from the grave-yard, and were well prepared for the services of religion. The day was one of the mildest among the still and soothing days of autumn. The children assembled; the prayer and the psalm were closed, and the preacher addressed his youthful group:—

Who was faithful to him that appointed him.
Heb. II. 2.

It is God the Father, you know, who *appointed* Jesus Christ. Let us consider to what

office the Father appointed him, and how Jesus manifested himself faithful.

The office to which God appointed his Son, is shown by his name. The angel said to Joseph before he was born, *Thou shalt call his name* JESUS, *for he shall* SAVE *his people from their sins.* But in the great office of Saviour several things meet, agreeing with what men and women and children need. We are ignorant, and need instruction, depraved and need holiness, sinful and need forgiveness. Without Christ the Saviour, men are ignorant of God; so that Paul, when he was telling the Ephesian Christians of their state before they were converted, says they were *without God.* This is a beautiful world, and, as the seasons pass over it, shows its Maker to be great, to be good, to be lovely. The springs, and brooks, and rivers, the green grass, the fragrant flowers, and the tall trees, the fruitful valleys and the high mountains, the blue sky, the rain-clouds, the gentle or the bolder winds, the evening stars and the sun, the music of birds, and even the hoarser sounds of animals that walk the earth, all manifest the Godhead. Yet Ephesus was a city in the midst of a beautiful country. The Ephesians saw fountains, and streams, and the dark blue sea; they saw how lovely earth is in its hills and its valleys, and how majestic

the arching sky with its sun, its fair moon and its stars glittering like gems. Yet all these things, so fair and so divine, could not bring God down to them. Till Christ was preached, they were *without God;* nay, they praised the moon as a goddess. You remember their long and loud cry, Great is Diana of the Ephesians, and this Diana was, they thought, no other than the moon. They had strange fables also about Diana, how she was a huntress, and used to go rejoicing in her dart along the mountains in chase of the wild-beasts, attended by nymphs, daughters of Jove, the supreme deity, who were beautiful, but less beautiful and majestic than their virgin leader. With Diana, they worshipped multitudes of gods, male and female, some beneath the earth in fabled regions of darkness, some in the sea dwelling in dark green caverns under its waves, some on the land along its rivers and among its groves, and others in heaven, surrounded with pure light and unclouded air.—Without Jesus, the Saviour, men are ignorant of the soul as immortal. Paul tells of the Ephesians being *without God:* he speaks of them also as *having no hope.* This was a sad state certainly. The youngest child among you knows about death. You have been at funerals. You have heard of a man or woman dying, or of a little boy or girl, perhaps your

own brother, or sister, or parent. But your father and mother told you that the dead will live again; that Jesus died and afterwards arose, and that all who sleep in him shall rise out of the grave. The grass on the graves is withering and dried up in autumn; it will soon be dark and stiff with frost, and the winter snows will wrap it up in ruin. The snow will melt; the frost-bound earth will be open and warm; then the grass will grow green again, and the wild-flowers will bloom over the bosoms of our lost and loved ones. These loved ones are waiting for a kindred spring. They shall live again. They shall live by the power of Jesus, the anointed Saviour, and die no more. Without Christ, men do not know this; they go down to the grave, and cannot tell whether they shall come up again; they expire like lamps when their oil is spent, and cannot tell if they shall be rekindled.

Jesus is called an Apostle as well as Saviour. Apostle means one who is sent; and Jesus was sent of God to save the world from ignorance, by revealing the one living and true God, the Father, his God and our God, his Father and our Father, and by making a future life known, *abolishing death, and bringing life and immortality to light.*

But men are as depraved, as they are ignor-

ant; nay, their ignorance comes from their depravity. They do not love to retain God in their remembrance; they cannot desire an immortality which is unhappy. They practise sin. I ask you, children, Are you not sinners? Think a moment before you answer to your own minds. Do you love to think of God? Do you pray to him? Are you always obedient to your parents? kind to your brothers and sisters, and to your play-mates? Boys, do you ever use wicked words? ever ridicule or mock the ignorant, the infirm, the poor, or the old? ever teaze or fret each other? Girls, do you ever envy one another? ever repine because others are handsomer or lovelier than you? ever tell tales to make some one appear less beautiful or amiable? Take some day, your best, in which you spent the happiest hours, and were most gentle and tender-hearted; enquire whether you did not indulge some wrong feeling, whether you were not thoughtless of God, proud, selfish. You are depraved, and need holiness. Jesus, the Saviour, is appointed to make you holy. God sent him into the world to bring us back to virtue, exalted him to heaven, that he might give repentance. God appointed Jesus to impress his own image by the truth which he revealed, and the spirit which he sent. You must learn the truth from

the Bible; you must gain the spirit by prayer and obedience to your Father who is in heaven. Jesus Christ does not make you holy contrary to your own will; he produces a good will and works with it. If you wish to be good,—pure like Jesus, holy like God,—study the Bible, pray to the Lord, do your whole duty to God and to man. Remember your dependence on the Holy Spirit, the comforter, the monitor, the great and good teacher, whom Jesus Christ promised to dwell with the obedient forever, and to sanctify them throughout in soul and spirit, and even body. Do not resist, do not grieve, do not reject, the spirit of God.

Sinners need forgiveness also. Suppose you offend your parents; you are not happy till you know they will not punish, and unless you know they love you as well as ever. Can you be happy while God, your heavenly Father, is offended, and while he threatens punishment? But God is offended with sin, and the sinner must perish unless God will save him. He has told us how he can save, how he can rescue from perdition, and be just in forgiving and blessing sinners. Jesus is saviour from wrath; the Apostle of God is our high-priest; our High-Priest offered up himself. The innocent lamb used to be slain and burned on an altar, to prevent men from suffering punish-

ment; *behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!* Christ is the beloved son of God, *in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins.*

God appointed Jesus Christ to be Saviour from punishment, from sin, from ignorance. Let us observe next his *faithfulness* in this office. His faithfulness consisted in his doing exactly what God required. He knew that he was faithful, and has told us, *As the Father gave me commandment, even so I do.—I do always those things that please him.* He was faithful as a teacher; *He that sent me is true, and I speak to the world those things which I have heard of him;*—faithful in protecting his disciples against sin; *While I was with them in the world, I kept them in thy name;*—faithful as a priest to offer up himself; *I lay down my life that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself.* Such is his own testimony; and God confirmed it. The Father approved his faithfulness when he began his work, declaring, *This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.* During his work, God repeated the declaration on the mountain when Jesus was transfigured. After his death, God assured the world of his approbation by raising him to his right hand, thus making him Lord of the Universe. Thus

God confirmed the testimony of Christ to his own faithfulness. You are not called, my young hearers, to such a work as Jesus; none on earth or in heaven could do it but he; yet while you are children, you may be faithful in the humbler work which God has appointed you to perform. Like Moses, you may be faithful, as a servant of God, though you cannot, like Jesus, govern as the Son. Even like the Son, you may do what God commands, by being pious to him who made you, and kind to others whom he made, by leaving off sin and practising virtue. Have you been thus like Christ? Each of you, perhaps, will say, 'The little boy or the little girl who sits by me, has not been like Christ. He does not love God and obey him. He is unkind, or proud, or revengeful.'—Now think a moment. May not he say the same of you? The other day you used a wicked word. The other day, you disobeyed your father or your mother. The other day, you told a falsehood. Last night or this morning, you thought nothing about God your Maker. 'The day before, I was equally thoughtless,' you perhaps own to yourself; so I was every day this week; and I have been angry, and peevish, and contentious.' If this is true, I am glad you own it, and know

it. But is it being faithful like Christ to him that appointed him?

Jesus was faithful to God while a little boy. He never did any sin. He never uttered a falsehood. He was never disobedient, never envious, never unkind. When he became a man, tempted, and hated, and persecuted, I compare him to the bright sun shining out of clouds; but while he was a child like one of you, and no trouble had come over him, I think of the gentle moon rising in a clear sky, and going through the heavens fairer and lovelier than any star of the firmament.

Yet I think he must have been sometimes sad; for I believe he knew why he came into the world. He must have wept sometimes for men's sins, sometimes for his own sufferings. Your mothers often tell you about things you never saw; and so when her little son was alone, perhaps Mary told him who his father was, not Joseph the carpenter at Nazareth, but God the maker of the world; how an angel came down from the highest heaven to tell of his birth, and how while he was an infant in the manger, angels sung his coming. Perhaps she told him of the star which guided the eastern sages to the birth-place of the destined king, and of the words and the joy of Simeon and Anna when they saw the Messiah, and

then went to his Father. The Spirit might have disclosed these things to Jesus, or the Father who dwelt in him, and in whom he was. Then he must have known how toilsome his life should be, and how woful his death, forsaken even of God. But he was willing to bear all. The child Jesus was holy like the man, and faithful to God; so that he was prepared for his destiny. If when a child, he had shrunk back from duty or disliked the work of God, he would have sinned, and could not have become such a high-priest, *holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners.* Moses, I presume, was a good child; Samuel certainly was; so was Josiah; so was Timothy; so without doubt was Mary, the mother of Jesus. But each of these did wrong. They sinned when they were grown up; so that Moses could not go into Canaan, and Samuel was punished in the wickedness of his sons, and Josiah was slain in battle, and all died. They did wrong also in childhood. Jesus Christ never did wrong. He *knew no sin.*

Thus his faithfulness, completed at his death, began in his childhood, and continued through it. I wish you to be like him. Be like him, for he is lovely; be like him, for he was faithful in working to save *you.* I told you of the babe at Bethlehem, of the child at Naz-

areth :—now see the teacher going through all Gallilee and Judea without a place where he could lay his head, doing good to all men, and leading their souls up to heaven! See the victim offered on mount Calvary, to make peace between earth and heaven! See the Lord of glory rising out of a grave to the Father's throne, now ruling the universe for the good of us, perishing sinners!

You are tempted to sin: remember Jesus *tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.* You repine at your condition; he who *was rich, for our sakes became poor.* You are neglected by some of your companions; he was *despised and rejected of men.* You are dissatisfied with many things about you; he was *a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.* You are a lost sinner; he *came to seek and to save that which was lost—not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.* You feel but a feeble flame of piety and virtue; he will not *quench the smoking flax.* You are sensible of weakness; he can empower you to *do all things.* Let these considerations endear Christ to you. Let these instances of his faithfulness to God, manifested for your good, excite you to imitate his example; to cherish and breathe forth his spirit; to live in piety—ever *looking unto Jesus, the author and fin-*

isher of our faith, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

Hymn of Angels to the Messiah.—MILTON.

Thee next they sing, of all creation first,
Begotten Son, divine similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold; on thee
Impressed, the effulgence of his glory abides,
Transfused on thee his ample spirit rests.
—No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity incline;
He, to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offered himself to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love!
Love nowhere to be found less than divine!
Hail Son of God, Saviour of men! thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

The Thanksgiving Evening.

Autumn had come with its beauty and its harvests, and was just passing away. The day which piety and the memory of our fathers

conspire to bless, brought its religious duties and its domestic joys. Our happy family gathered about their evening fire, the parents to talk of the past, and the children to sport in their forgetfulness both of the past and the future. Mr. Greenwood and his wife casually alluded to the sufferings and contests, of which even Oxford had been the scene, in contrast with the repose which now spreads over our whole country. One of the elder children overheard it, and urged them to tell the tale of other days. "We have heard of the Indians, and of the captivity of some white people, and of Lovell's fight; and we will sit down all of us and listen to your story. Father, those Indians are very cruel—don't you think they are? And it was right to punish them severely for scalping men and women, and carrying them off into the woods. When I get my wooden sword or gun in my hands, I sometimes call some object an Indian, and go to battle with it, as the soldiers at training pretend to fight with each other. Oh, if I were a man, I should like to take such a gun as the soldiers have, and chase them away from the country."

How long the lad would have gone on in his heroic strain, I cannot tell; but his mother interrupted him, exclaiming, "My dear son, the

work is done already. The Indian has fled, like the striken deer, far into the wilderness, or the grave has covered him; and I trust you will never be called to repel attack from him or any other enemy. For myself I pity him rather than censure; anger and revenge I cannot feel; if he has done wrong, his punishment has been sufficient—it is terrible. Some think it the curse of God: I cannot—rather it is the wrath of man employed mysteriously to accomplish purposes which are yet concealed from our understanding. When I think of such things, I know nothing to satisfy my mind but the sentiment you asked me to explain to you the other day:

> Enough for us to know that this dark state,
> In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
> This infancy of being, cannot prove
> The final issue of the works of God,
> By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd.

There is a holier book than any of man's invention, which assures me that God, who is love, reigns over all; and in perplexing events, it is the most consolatory thought, "*Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.*"

This language seemed to sober the little hero's martial spirit into a more mild, perhaps

I may call it *philosophical feeling*, and induced him to ask the *cause* of the wars in which we had been engaged with the wild man of the forest.

"Call your brothers and sisters, my son," said Mrs. Greenwood, "and let us all sit down by your father's side, and hear him tell the whole."

"I have often thought," Mr. Greenwood observed, as the children were gathering from their sport, "I have often thought it would be better, that our children should never hear of such events. They excite the imagination too much; they wake the feelings to a feverish sensibility; they can hardly be described without producing emotions contrary to the humility, the meekness, the forgiving spirit of Christ —and, where they do not infuse a warlike temper, they leave dark impressions on the mind, to rise in later life like horrid dreams or the ideas of ghosts. Still it is impossible to conceal the horrors of war; they will be known at any rate; and I think it best to set them forth in their true form, before they are presented in the delusive aspect which the world gives them."

The whole group now sat in silence, looking wishfully for the dark tale. "My children," —it was a very serious tone and countenance

with which their father spoke, and they began to feel wonder mingled with curiosity—" my children, I cannot tell you of any thing connected with war, as most men would. It is not what it seems: it is not the great and glorious event which history and poetry have described it. I am astonished at the folly and the depravity from which it has arisen. We commonly feel in thinking of the grandeur of battle, as we feel in listening to the roar of the ocean, the deep voice of the wind, or the heavy thunder; connecting what we see or hear with the idea of boundless power and wisdom. We ought to repress this feeling by remembering the passions in which war takes its rise, and the miseries and the vices in which it ends. I would not be censorious; but, I confess, my first feeling at the thought of war is indignation at the injustice and cruelty of men; this feeling soon subsides, however, into regret that they should suffer themselves to be deluded by false views; and into pity, that while they imagine their efforts and sufferings to be for liberty and their country, they are enduring all for the gratification and glory of a few.

" In the events you ask me to describe, we have a manifestation of what war is in its spirit; though they seem so trivial, when compared with the greater events which history describes.

as scarce to find a place in the records of our country. Yet they may teach you the lesson you should learn from all history,—disclosing the dispositions of men, the evils of hostility, and the excellence of a mild and pacific spirit.—I will begin with

*Segar's Captivity.**

"Near the close of the revolution, while the region of the Androscoggin was thinly settled, as a few white men were employed in labor, several Indians rushed on them from the neighboring woods, and secured them as prisoners. The house of one of the captives was near; they entered and plundered it. The woman of the house, after securing some valuable articles by her fearless and sagacious conduct, concealed herself in the forest. One of the captives escaped; the rest were carried away by the savages. They were three; the name of the one Segar, and of the others Clark. Before they left the inhabited region, they killed two men whom they met, and took another captive. They then allowed one of the three whom they

* For the facts contained in this narrative, I am indebted to a pamphlet published at Paris in the year 1825, of which I have attempted to give the outline, so far as the *captivity* is concerned, without addition. The writer is now living with his family in Bethel.

had first taken, to escape; at least, he availed himself of an opportunity, and returned to his home in safety. With the remainder, the savages pursued their way to Canada.

"To deeds like this, the Indians were instigated by the enemy with whom we were at that time contending. But they were well fitted for them, both by their usual character, and by the nature of the intercourse—a series of mutual aggressions—which they held with the fathers of New-England. They are often described as naturally revengeful beyond men of European origin; many also think them endowed with higher gifts of intellect. The former opinion is founded on their long recollection of injuries inflicted on themselves and their friends, and the unyielding perseverance with which they pursue the victim of their wrath. The latter idea has no other ground, that I am aware, than the sagacity of their counsels and the eloquence of their speeches. For myself, I cannot discover proof of their superiority in mind, or of their deeper spirit of revenge.—True, they have peculiarities, like most nations; they have furnished speeches of great simplicity and beauty; they are sagacious perhaps in war; but their style and thought are formed by circumstances, and where distinguished from those of others, prove nothing

more than a difference of culture and habits. They abound in figure; this, to say the least, may rise from an imperfection in their language joined with their ignorance of spiritual and abstract ideas. Their conciseness may come likewise from education rather than nature,—from the reserve which their situation has produced, more than from higher energy of native talent. Their mode of warfare is very different from the European; yet it is decidedly inferior, so far as sagacity is concerned,—relying more on physical strength and agility, less on mind, or broad and thorough views of peculiar exigencies, and the force of thought which is sometimes demanded to counteract a greater power of arms. This, however, is the result of circumstances, not a fruit of natural incapacity, and requires of us, not to believe them set lower than ourselves by the common parent, but to presume that they are not superior. They may be on a level,—capable, by the progress of intellectual culture, of equalling the European and American.

"As to Indian revenge, we must remember that it has been described by enemies, not by friends, and that our injustice has planted in them, as their cruelty once did in many of us, an inextinguishable hostility. Every account almost of Indian revenge must be received with

great abatements; the evil which calls it forth must be esteemed greater than the American allows, and the passion itself less bitter and less cruel.

"Though I cannot believe the original inhabitants of this continent essentially different, so far as nature is concerned, from nations of the same class with ourselves, I still deem it futile to doubt the obvious fact, that there is a great difference produced by variety of circumstance. Agriculture and mechanic arts, religion and literature are little known among them. The excitement of the chace, the patient labor of fishing, and intervals of indolent repose, divide their time. Like men in all ages, they turn their arms from the wild-beast to their own species, and count military prowess and skill the highest glory; but from their mode of living, their scattered and wandering life, and their division into small tribes, they have adopted peculiarities even in conducting war. They formerly used the bow, not the musket; they now wield the tomahawk instead of the sword; they contend on foot, they skulk in the woods, and fight in a scattered manner; for they are not accustomed to horsemanship, they have not large, open plains, on which they can gather. But the spirit, the principles, the ends of war, are the same which have been felt in all coun-

tries and times. With them, as with the Greeks, the Romans, the modern Europeans and our own countrymen, war is man himself, wrought into fury, ambitious of power, or covetous of gain.

"In the case of captivity, like that I have mentioned, the great motive, I presume, was the desire of gain. Advantage was taken of the fierce spirit of the natives, and, probably, of the revenge aroused by past injuries, in harassing our frontier settlements. A bounty was furnished for the very indulgence of their passions,—for the destruction of life, however innocent the victims might be even of any *design* unfriendly to the power, by which the savage was employed."

"And what," asked the children, "was the course of the captives on their way to Canada?"

"The first night," replied Mr. Greenwood, "they spent in a camp or hut occupied by a farmer who was preparing for himself an abode among the mountains. He was absent, and happily escaped the cruelty of the enemy.—The captives were forced to lie down with the Indians surrounding them, as a precaution against their escape, and after rising in the morning, were bound to prevent them from attacking or eluding enemies. The night must have been one of the deepest gloom; nor could the

day, presenting no other prospect than of a tedious march through pathless forests, removing them farther from their friends and bringing nearer the event, whatever it might be, which awaited them, lighten the burden that oppressed their minds.

"Early in the morning they were led up the river. They passed through Gilead, a township lying on both sides of the Androscoggin, and opening a narrow but fertile valley between the mountains. Thence they proceeded to Shelburne. They had as yet travelled on the southern side of the river; but being told by some children whom they met on their way, that a party of white men greater than their own were gathered and armed at the next house, the Indians, after loading their prisoners with packs and tying their arms fast, required them to pass to the northern bank through which the course was direct to the wilderness. The report of the children was erroneous: there were not ten men in the place; yet the fear excited in the minds of the savages may have saved the few by whom it was occupied from distress and perhaps death. The report increased, however, the labor of the prisoners: the river, at the spot where they entered it loaded and bound, has been seldom, if ever

besides, forded. Still it was passed in safety by the whole company.

"The next night was spent near a large mountain in the midst of the forest. After the break of day, they ascended to its summit, whence the whole extent of forest, bounded by the sky as it seemed to rest itself on the mountains swelling in the distance, opened amidst the rays of morning. It was not an hour to take into the soul the grandeur of the prospect. The boundless works of God were about them, but the sufferers felt the oppression of man; what was bright in the aspect of nature revealed anew the darkness that covered their souls; amidst the harmonies of the creation, the heart responded but to the voice of solitude and gloom which rose from the dark valley or the dreary cliff. Tortured by anxiety for the future, they could hardly regret the toil in which a momentary oblivion of sorrow might be gained: They were hurried through the wilderness toward the Umbagog. Before reaching it, they were permitted to rest for sometime, and strengthen themselves for future labor.

"At their place of rest, the Indians added new horrors to their condition. One, having stripped a piece of bark from a spruce tree, unbound the hands of Mr. Segar, requiring him to write on it, that if overtaken by the Indians,

the captives would be slain. They drew three scalps from their packs, one of which the prisoners knew to have been taken after their own capture; whence the others were obtained, they were uncertain—left to imagine them relics of friends from whom they had been severed. Setting the prisoners apart from each other, they now began the horrid forms of the *powow*.* They took the hair of the scalps in

* This term has been applied both to certain rites practised by the Indians, and to a class of people whom they imagined to be endowed with peculiar power.—Hubbard, in his History of New England, (c vii, p. 34) uses the term in the latter sense, and describes the *pauwowes* as performing the offices of the Indian religion and as sought for "council in all kind of evils both corporeal and civil." Brainerd, at a later day, speaks of them as feared for their supposed power of enchantment, (Diary for Sept. 2, 1744.) It is, I presume, to what in the other use of the word is called the *powow*, that Brainerd alludes earlier in his Diary, when he speaks of a contemplated meeting for "*an idolatrous feast and dance.*" Segar says nothing of a feast connected with the scene of which he was witness; nor does Symms in his account of Lovell's Fight: the former speaks of leaping, screaming, and other acts of a similar kind: the latter, of "their striking upon the ground, and other odd motions," of which he has given no description. Probably the feast formed a part of the ceremony, when it could be obtained, but might be omitted as not indispensable to its efficacy.—The powow seems to have been designed for a religious rite, though resembling an incantation rather than the worship of a good Spirit. I have not alluded to it in the account of the contest at Lovell's Pond, though aware of its being once practised, because I was ignorant of the connection which it might

their teeth, shook their heads, and broke forth into loud exclamations, leaping from rock to rock, and, we are assured, passing conception in the hideousness of their whole aspect and manner."

"From whom had they taken the two scalps?" Mrs. Greenwood and the children earnestly inquired.

"From one man whom, without the knowledge of the captives, they slew on their way from Bethel, and from another whom they met in the woods before they reached the Androscoggin.

"From the scene of the *powow*, they went onward to the Umbagog, reaching it the fifth day of the captivity. The Indians had here three canoes made of spruce bark, in which, with the prisoners, they passed over the Lake. Beyond the Umbagog, they proceeded in their canoes, up a small river supposed to be the Magalloway. After leaving this stream, they took their course by land over high and rough mountains and through deep swamps, weary with exertion, and faint for want of food, till they reached the waters of the St. Francois. The mind, amidst such scenes, sometimes sum-

have with other events of the day,—whether designed to terrify or enchant the English, or to invoke spiritual agents to join them in the encounter.

tions itself to unwonted energy, gathering hope from the resolution which danger begets, and imparts a portion of its own strength to the enfeebled body. Were it not so, these captives must, it would seem, have yielded themselves to despair and death. After passing the Lake, the Indians gave them flour, and pieces of moose-flesh, still hairy and unfit for food. Long abstinence had excited appetite, but they could eat little of the miserable provision; and yet it was the last almost which they obtained for several days. So extreme did their hunger become, that they one night roasted and ate the *mocasins* which the Indians had thrown away. The Indians also burned the hair from a moose-skin, then boiled it, and gave a part to the prisoners. They continued in this destitute state till the third day of their passage down the St. Francois, where they came to three canoes which the Indians had left on its bank, furnished with corn and fishspears: the former was boiled, and distributed to the party; with the latter, they took fishes from the waters. At length they reached a dwelling-house, where their hunger, abated before, was satisfied by the best of food, *milk and bread*.

"From this house the distance to the village whither they were to be carried, was not two miles. According to what, I believe, is the

custom with Indians, they uttered loud exclamations as they drew near the village, announcing their arrival, and were soon answered by its inhabitants. The party entered the settlement in the evening amidst a light scarcely less than of day, coming from innumberable torches. The captives were soon conducted by a British officer, to the guard-house, at once to secure them as prisoners and to save them from the violence of the savages, who riot in and triumph over the sufferers, the scalps and the plunder.

"Fourteen days passed from their capture to their arrival at this village. Here they were guarded two days, then embarked in canoes, accompanied by two Indians and an interpreter, for Montreal. One of them, a negro slave, was sold; the others were imprisoned forty days at Montreal, thence removed to an Island at the distance of more than forty miles from that city, and imprisoned for many months, enduring in both places, besides the loss of liberty, the sufferings peculiar to enemies taken in war. Their prospect was first brightened by intelligence of the surrender of Cornwallis, in consequence of which, arrangements were made for their removal with other prisoners. They had been either traversing the wilderness guided by savage enemies; or enduring the evils of imprisonment more than a year; and in

could not be with other feelings than those of rapture that they set sail from Quebec for Boston. Their voyage was safe and pleasant, and the very night of their landing, they hastened to Newton, the birth-place of Segar, and still the home of his parents. No intelligence of the events which succeeded their capture, had been received; they were the heralds of their own fate; they were met as though risen from the dead."

The whole family listened with delight to the happy issue of an event of which the progress had been so calamitous. It is but a moment, however, that children are satisfied with the tale that has been told. They call at once for another; they do so the more earnestly now, because they are expecting the description which Mr. Greenwood soon began of

Lovell's Fight.

"It is with poor reason that we charge the Indians with peculiar barbarity in their hostile incursions. The history of Capt. Lovell is one among the disgraceful monuments of our own cruelty and wickedness. He was encouraged to the enterprize which ended so disastrously both to himself and to the enemy by the success of two earlier expeditions in New Hamp-

shire. With a company of thirty men he went to the northward of Winnipisseogee Lake, and, discovering a wigwam in which were an Indian and a boy, he slew, and, according to the custom of the times, *scalped*, the former, and carried the latter to Boston."

"What was the reason of such a cruel custom?" inquired the eldest son.

"It was, I presume," replied Mr. Greenwood, "to prove the number of the slain. If the bare declaration that so many were destroyed, could be received as proof of the fact, deception might often be practised, and the *bounty*, as it was termed, would fall to those by whom it was not earned. For this exploit of Lovell, a gratuity, additional to the stipulation, was bestowed.—The second enterprize secured ten scalps taken from the same number of Indians, whom they found asleep, and slew in the midst of the night. It is with indignation and shame I think of the *brave company*, as a reverend historian calls it, entering Dover in triumph with the scalps stretched on hoops and raised on poles, thence marching proudly to Boston, and each receiving from the public treasury a hundred pounds for his share in the work of death!

"Lovell hoped to take more scalps—I would speak gently of those who are gone to their great

account; but it is better to deal fairly with the dead, than to wrong the truth—Lovell hoped for scalps and gain.—No doubt, like others of our countrymen, he felt a nobler impulse. Man seldom engages in atrocious deeds without apology to his conscience and his better feelings. The Indians had done us wrong; the guilt was not *all* on our side; the guilt in every contest, perhaps, is shared by both parties. The aggressions of the natives endangered our settlements; so that the government in encouraging the cruel assaults of the white upon the red population, as well as the guides of those assaults, believed them essential to the safety, perhaps the existence of the provinces. Let us then ascribe to them patriotism though misinformed, and energy however perverted; let us trust they were less covetous than brave, less revengeful and cruel to the enemy than devoted to the welfare of their friends and homes. Under the influence of such complicated feelings, Lovell, with a company increased to more than forty, marched a third time on the sixteenth of April, 1725, to attack a village of the Pequawkets.

"This tribe, once large and powerful, now totally extinct, inhabited the region bordering on Saco River, at no great distance from its source. The village, near which the battle was

fought, stood, I believe, on the beautiful plain upon which the present village of Fryeburgh is built. Fryeburgh is a town through which I have often passed. For a mile or two from the village, as I approached it from the east, the road is through a wooded and unsettled plain. The scene is solitary and gloomy. I reached at length the open ground which spreads far about it, on the left, little cultivated and barren, but on the right sloping toward the river and forming a large and fertile interval. The village, standing alone in its rural beauty and surrounded by scenery thus wildly contrasted, rose before me. Its Indian relics and associations are among its greatest peculiarities. In the Museum of its Academy, I have seen the very gun, it is said, which more than a century since brought down the last Chief of the Pequawkets.

"Paugus fell on the border of a pond lying about a mile from the village, and now bearing the name of the English captain. Oxford had not then a white inhabitant, and it was certainly hazardous in Lovell to pierce so deeply a wilderness of which the only limits that man had given were the scattered settlements near the ocean, and the few towns then opened in New Hampshire. The nearest place of safety to which he could resort, was a Fort

which he had himself built near Ossipee Pond, where, besides one sick man and his surgeon, he left eight of his company for a guard. Two, disabled by disease from proceeding, had before abandoned the perilous adventure. Thirty-four accompanied him to the scene of action. The night preceding the eighth of May, he encamped by the side of the pond which has since taken his name. Apprehensions had been felt for a day or two, that the Indians were about them; the company were alarmed this night, but could discover no traces of the enemy. During the prayers of the morning, a gun was heard, and an Indian was soon after seen standing, more than a mile from them on a point of land which runs into the pond. He was supposed to have been employed for the purpose of decoying the company; and from his position it was presumed a hostile party was in their front. It was a fearful moment. In the midst of an engagement, the tumult, the ardor, the impetuous action, all aid in giving a sort of calm, a thoughtlessness at least of danger, to the mind. But in the moment which precedes combat, as the soul feels the rush of conflicting emotions,—the memory of home with all its loves and joys, the uncertainty of retaining the life which has always been sweet, and the assurance that of the ranks now breathing and

high in hope, many will soon fall beneath the hands of men, accompanied often by fears of a coming retribution,—the heart faints, the face gathers paleness. In such a moment, the final question is proposed,—Shall we seek the enemy? Lovell fears the result. His company urge the contest,—'We have come far into the wilderness to meet the enemy; we have prayed God to set them against us in fight; he has brought us near them, and we would see them face to face. He, who led Joshua against the cities of Canaan, and under whom the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, will stay us up in the day of battle, and give us the victory for his name's sake, over the heathen who worship him not. Or if we die, 'tis for our country and our friends; it is for their safety and our glory; disgrace is in flight,—who will welcome the coward home? who will tell his praise to posterity?—glory is in victory or death.'—Such is the decision. The stout heart of Lovell does not quail, though his spirit is prophetic of the end. They now left their packs and marched cautiously forward, intending to gain the point on which the Indian had stood. Having advanced about two miles, they espied him going toward the village, laid themselves secretly down in wait for him, and fired. He returned the fire, and wounded two men se-

verely, one of whom was Lovell himself. By another fire, the Indian was slain. His scalp was also taken.

" Lovell had been deceived. The Indians were not in his front, and he turned back toward his place of encampment. Meanwhile as a party of Indians, led by Paugus and Wahwa, were returning from a scout down the Saco, they discovered the track of the English, and followed it to the spot where it ended the night before. The packs, they removed and counted, and finding that Lovell's company was less than their own, they resolved to wait in ambush and risk an encounter. The soldiers reached the camp, and were looking for their packs. Suddenly the war-shout rose ; the enemy rushed furiously onward, and were readily and fiercely met. The battle commenced on a plain thinly covered with pine-trees, and opening a fair ground for both parties. The Indians had the advantage, however, of selecting both their time and their position. Lovell, with several of his men fell near the first onset. Sustained by these auspices, and emboldened by superiority of numbers, the enemy attempted to surround the white men. To prevent this movement, the latter retreated toward the pond, and took a position leaving its whole extent in their rear, a rocky point which jutted into it on

their left, and a deep brook on the right, while of the front, part was protected by a bog and part open to the enemy. Here they admitted no alternative but victory or destruction. They could not retreat—their position made it impossible; they were altogether without sustenance; they could not surrender, though urged both by suggestions of hope and by exclamations of terror. The contest began about ten in the morning; it drew to its close at twilight. The war-cry grew fainter; the killed and wounded warriors of the forest were removed; the slain of the Americans were left unscalped. The survivors of Lovell's band began near midnight to examine their condition. Three, still living, were unable to remove; twenty took their course homeward. Of these, four were left exhausted about a mile and a half from the scene of the engagement; two recovered, however, and reached their homes in safety. Another was lost also on their way to the Ossipee Fort. It had been hoped that from this place a recruit might be obtained to aid in bringing back the wounded who were left in the woods. But the Fort was deserted before their arrival. A soldier (the only fugitive of the company) fled at the beginning of the engagement to the Ossipee, and giving an exaggerated account of the events at the Saco, induced the whole par-

ty to fly precipitately from their post. Thus the only hope of ministering aid to the abandoned sufferers, was cut off.—The loss of the Indians was greater than that of the Americans; so great indeed that the power of the Pequawkets seems to have expired with the last of their Chiefs."

"You have given us," said Mrs. Greenwood, as her husband closed his narrative, "the sentiments of Lovell's men as they went to battle. My feelings are rather on the side of the Indians, and I have been imagining what their chief might have said to his followers on the eve of contest;—'The white man has lifted his sword against us. We will meet it. The sons of the Great Spirit shall not fear. This is our land; this river is ours; these are our mountains. The white man never chased the deer in these woods. The smoke of his wigwam never rose in this valley. Our fathers lived under this sky. The white man would drive us from their graves. Our neighbors have fallen by his musket. We may fall too. We will go freely to the land of spirits. See ye the sun in the east? Paugus may not see it go down. It will go down in blood. See ye the blasted pine-tree? The lightning touched it from the clouds. A lightning has darted on us. We had grown up to the sky; our branches spread over all these mountains, and touched the rivers and the great waters.

We are fallen. The lightning from the east has struck our trunks. I see the red man going far to the west—across the broad rivers—and perishing. *We* will die by our fathers' graves. We will tell them in the happy fields, that we fell for their children. They shall honor us. The white man shall remember the warriors of Paugus!'—The regret, alas, is unavailing, that so many who knew not the Gospel, should fall by disciples of Jesus, the meek and holy Saviour, "whose servants may not fight, because his kingdom is not of this world."

"My feelings," said Mr. Greenwood, "are not different from yours. And I trust they are beginning to be acknowledged more generally as the sentiments of christianity. Yet so imperfect were once the views even of religious teachers, that at the time of this battle a young preacher was with the company; who, after assisting to scalp the first Indian that was slain, and fighting with lion-hearted valor till the middle of the afternoon, received a severe wound, and when unable to join in the conflict, encouraged his companions by prayer to Heaven. He went with them in their departure, but failed after travelling a little while, and was left with three others in the woods. They regained strength to go forward, until Mr. Frye (this was the name of the chaplain) found

himself exhausted, and desired them to leave him. At this hour, he requested one of his companions, if he ever reached home, to go to his father, and carry his last message,—"Tell him, I have not long to live; in a few hours I shall be in eternity; but I am not afraid to die! Alone in the deep forest, beneath the outstretched sky, he breathed out his spirit."

"Another spirit went soon after him", said Mrs. Greenwood. "It is a sad, wild tale I saw in my youth, from which I knew their sorrows. They were the victims of an affection which, as the fair and faithful girl was poor, the pride and wealth of Frye's family forbade him to cherish. In the midst of the young man's grief, he heard of Lovell's adventure, and resolved to share in it. He was of Andover. There is an elm tree, yet standing, I believe, in that town, which he set out a few days before his departure, asking his friends, if he did not return—and he thought he should not,—to *take good care of it in memory of him.* The event agreed with the feeling; and when he died, the true heart he was forced to leave, felt itself broken also, and soon laid its sorrows down in the grave."

"This," added Mr. Greenwood, "is one of the most touching details of the whole af-

fair.* There are others, however, of less feeling, but painfully descriptive of the horrors of war. Two of the wounded who were left in the wilderness recovered. Their names were Davis and Jones. The former arrived at the Fort, where he found provision, and gained strength to proceed to Berwick. Jones followed the Saco River, and arrived at Biddeford. His subsistence had been gathered from the shrubs which grew wild in the swamps and woods. His food, after it was eaten, came out of a wound which he received in the body.—There was one Kies, whose lot was less severe. Exhausted by the loss of blood from three wounds, he crept to the side of the pond, and finding a canoe rolled himself into it. The wind was favorable, and drove him several miles toward the Fort. He recovered, and with eleven others, arrived at Dunstable, the town from which their march

* This fact is taken from a beautiful article in the Boston Commercial Gazette of 14th October 1824. In the same article, there is an allusion to the description of the battle given by Viator, giving him the preference to all other historians of the event. This description appeared, I think in 1824, in the Oxford Observer. but I have been unable to find it, and therefore relied on Belknap and especially Symms whose pamphlet furnished Belknap with much information, and who received the detail he has so artlessly given, from the lips of surviving combatants.

commenced, the thirteenth of May, five days after the battle. Lieut. Wyman, who succeeded Lovell in the command, with three companions, reached the same place two days later. They had been from Saturday morning till Wednesday without food of any kind.

"The savageness of the military temper is seen in the language of Robbins, an officer who was left mortally wounded on the field, with his gun loaded at his request, and laid beside him: —"The Indians will come in the morning to scalp me—I will kill one more if I can." I think it savage; and yet, as seems to me, it is not below many of the treasured sayings of heroes in what men have chosen to call *moral grandeur*.

"Many of the Indians were known to Lovell's men; they even conversed together during the battle. There was one Chamberlain, a man of great strength and courage, who went down at the same time with Paugus, to wash his gun in the pond, and assured the Chief that he should destroy him. The menace was returned. The guns of both were prepared, loaded and discharged: Paugus fell. The event endangered the safety of Chamberlain. To save himself from the vengeance of the sons and friends of the fallen chief, he

slew more than one of them who sought his death after the return of peace.

"Such are some of the fruits and passions of war. The charm which it has to so many, comes from seeing its outward splendor separate from these details. The volcano is sublime in its eruptions; but wo to him who ventures within the sweep of its scathing flames.

"I remember, my dear children," added Mr. Greenwood, after a short pause, "I remember when I was young like you, to have heard my grandfather tell this tale as he sat in his old arm-chair and we gathered about him, still and earnest to catch his tremulous words. Then he was weak, and the bride of his youth had gone to the grave, stricken in years. He was the play-mate in boyhood, of some who went out and fought with Lovell; and they told him all. My father also knew the captives who were seized at Bethel. He was then young, and had the story from their own lips. How few survivors of those days remain! You, my children, are coming to possess a goodlier inheritance. Let it be a part of your evening prayers, to thank God that war has ceased so long, and to ask that it may cease forever. It will come to an end we know full well;—may the day be hastened! Our fa-

thers spent this day in praise, while danger, and tears, and death, were with them. Our posterity may spend it in happier thankfulness, amidst the blessings of universal peace and love. Let us, meanwhile, bless God for the repose he has already given to the world, and seek and pray that it may extend and be perpetual. *Blessed*, our Lord assures us, *are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.*"

Hope of future improvement.—CAMPBELL.

Hope! when I mourn with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.
Come, bright improvement! on the car of time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk;
Then shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at summer's opening day.
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men:
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

The New Year's Morning.

"I wish you a happy new year," was the earliest and repeated sound which echoed through the humble dwelling of the Greenwoods. The morning found them *happy;* the *wish* was sincere for many future days.

"That you may be happy," said their mother, "you must be good; you must have kind and cheerful tempers, and think of God in all his works. If you have gone through the last year with such feelings, this, I trust, will be what you wish. Let us sit down, and talk over some of the scenes of the past, and raise our thoughts, as we review them, to the God of love."

All were glad at the proposal, and gathered around their mother to tell their stories or to catch at least her smile. The eldest was George, a pleasant, thoughtful lad of about fourteen years old, a good scholar, and modest withal as boys of sweet temper and thinking minds commonly are. Yet as he had been accustomed on account of his age to take the lead among his brothers and sisters, he learned to throw an air of command even into his gentle looks and words. Eliza was the image of George; she loved him most fervently; his thoughts were hers, his wishes hers, she could

deny him nothing. When he was not more than five years old, he would lead her into the meadow, and pluck flowers for her, and they would sit down on the green bank in each other's arms, and tell their infant tales; and as they came to the house so tender and affectionate, their mother smiled and wept in the bliss of love. Then there were Henry and William, with two sisters too young to share in their morning's conversation.

"Let us go through the whole in order," said Mrs. Greenwood. "Come, George, let us hear something of what you have seen, and done, and felt the last year."

"What I have thought most about," said George, "is

An Evening Walk.

I took it last summer with two or three of my school-mates and our teacher. It was in Waterford. You remember the *Flat*, as they call it; it was about two miles from the Flat, on a hill which rises above it to the north, and from which we could see much of the town, besides many other places about it. We first went to a beautiful grove in a pasture near a quarter of a mile from the road; then we turned back and went up the hill to the west. The

land where the grove has grown up, was all cleared once; but the owner let the trees cover it again, and I wished men would do so oftener. For it is a very fine place; the trees do not stand too thick; the ground was strewed with leaves, which fell in the fall, with fresh grass and wild flowers springing up among them; the grass and green shrubs grew every where around. There were many rocks in the grove, where the sheep would go at noon, and lie down on them under the shade. The cattle would sleep there too, and be cool when the sun was high and the air heated. A little brook out of which they would drink, flowed in a valley near the shade. There were places also where the children used to play; they would make two or three parties; one party would go to a large rock over which the trees hung their branches for a roof, and the others to rocks not far off; or they would find where two or three trees rose from one root and left an open place between their trunks; and here they would sit as if they were families, or visit from one *house*, as they called it, to another. Just to the north, there is a farm with the house standing alone near a large orchard; a good man who once owned and took care of it, became poor, and, after he was old and his wife dead, gave it up and went out of his

neighborhood and town—to die. Higher up the hill, we saw the chimney and roof of another farm-house; and to the south and east we looked on many farms and houses, hills, valleys, ponds and forests. All was calm and pleasant, as the sun went down among bright-edged clouds.

"We went thence to the hill. The trees were all cleared off, the land was well fenced, the corn and the grass were green, and they were just beginning to mow. West of this hill, beyond a long and wet valley, there is a ridge of high land, in some places wooded, and in others open, and showing the fields beyond. We saw large hills and mountains; some burnt over by the fires, with dead and black trunks rising high in the air, and others covered with green and branching trees. A broad, winding valley, through which a stream they call Crooked river bends its way through the town, spread between us and the mountains. The valley was not so lively and pleasant as the upland. One reason, our teacher said, is that the pine-leaves are of a darker and gloomier hue than the leaves of the beech, the maple and the birch, and that the valley is full of pines, but the hills bore trees of brighter foliage. We turned our eyes from the north, and saw a wide southern prospect. We saw the meeting-house, and one

or two neat houses near it, surrounded with poplars, and beyond, a mountain rising gradually from the hill on which they stand, till it ends on its south-eastern side in broken cliffs, or rather rocks piled on each other, with trees growing between the broken heaps. A plain and a pond are beneath the rough mountain side. Here is a small village, but it was hidden from us by the higher lands behind it.—The pond was in sight; so were the woods which sometimes touched the verge of it, and the new openings through them, and the beautiful farms which rose beyond. A large pond was at the eastward; it had its heard in low land covered with dark pine and fir; it spreads to the south between fine, even farms on the west, and cultivated hills on the south and east. The eastern hill was cleared earlier than any other part of the town; one M'Wayne lived on it for years without wife or child, or even a friend within six or eight miles. He was alone, when he opened the forest,—alone night and day. He died in sight of large and growing neighborhoods.

"The sun was down; the stars began to rise in the sky; before the light had gone in the west, the full moon arose. We could see the fields still, and the hills, and the waters, but there was a dimness over them; the sounds of

labor were still, the herds and the flocks were laid down to sleep, the scenes which seemed rough and broken by day, were even and gentle beneath the thin haze of evening. I looked on the great earth, and the arching sky with its stars and moon. I could not wish to speak; I was thinking of God."

George blushed and hesitated at thus expressing those inward feelings which the unperverted mind counts too sacred to obtrude on the attention of others. His mother was delighted both by the devotion he manifested, and by the modesty which made it so graceful. "My dear son," she fervently exclaimed, "I beseech you to cherish views like these; to connect all you see with God; to open your whole soul to those feelings which God desires to have his works call forth in every heart. Never is his greatness seen more clearly than in a beautiful evening, amidst forests, and mountains, and plains, beneath the stars and the moon. Evening is the hour to pray; and every walk by moon-light, I often think, should be an offering to the power above us."

"This," said George, "is just as our teacher told us. I remember well his words—'I brought you here, that I might tell you of the greatness of God. You cannot see him, but you behold his works. Light is around his throne.

but you cannot come near it. The great lights of heaven were kindled by him; he lived ages before them. I cannot lead you to his seat; but I would show you what he has done—I would bid you listen to the voice of his works, and ask you to let his goodness fall on your souls likedew. The Bible tells us, there is ONE GOD, the Maker and Father of the world; his works teach us so too. You commonly feel as if things were separate from one another. When you first learned your letters, you felt as if they had nothing to do with aught else; and when you were studying your lessons in grammar and arithmetic, as if they were useless. And so, when you look on nature, you feel as if the wind, and the waters, and the woods, the stars, the moon, the sun, the seasons, the earth, its fruits and animals, were all apart from each other. It is not so; all things are parts of one great machine. Should you see a watch or a clock taken to pieces, you might think the wheels all useless and unconnected. The watch-maker puts them together, and could not spare one. You have found that your letters which seemed unconnected, make words, and fill up the books you read at school or at home. You begin to see that grammar helps you to understand these books, and that arithmetic teaches you to compare many numbers. If you stu-

dy well, you will find that all your learning is bound together, and not broken heaps of ideas. So, if you look over the world, you will find all things united. You think this pebble one, simple thing; so you think the star that shines just over the mountain west of us. I will break this pebble; it is now in a hundred pieces. These pieces might be broken so fine you could not see them. That star, I presume, is larger than the whole earth; you do not think the earth a single and simple thing; yet all the parts of the earth are united as much as those of the pebble. Nay, the universe is *one*, as really as a pebble, the earth, or a star. No one thing touches all other things; nor does any one wheel or part of a clock touch every other wheel, or the weight, or the string which holds the weight, or the pendulum, or the fingers. The earth yields fruit for men and beasts; the beasts are fed by each other, and men by them; water quenches the thirst of both, and both breathe the air. Fire warms men, and sends out light; trees are fit to burn and to give shelter to beasts, and houses to men. Water is necessary to the growth of fruits —it rises from streams and lakes, and falls in rain and dew. All need light; it comes from rays of the sun falling on the air. We must sleep —the sun goes to enlighten other parts of the earth, and give them day while it is our night.

Such a *oneness* there is over the whole world.

"The clock is made for some use; it would be idle to put so costly a piece of mechanism together without a good reason. There is a reason, I think, for the whole frame and all the parts and motions of the world, as simple as the reason for making a clock. God forms and does all things, that he may give the happiness which grows out of goodness. He made the framework of the world and preserves it, for the sustenance of those who have minds. Whatever he does is to persuade those minds to be good. He makes some sick, that he may learn them to trust his love; and some poor, that he may humble their hearts; and some rich, that he may teach them kindness, or that he may help the needy by them; and some wise, that he may spread knowledge abroad. He tries some, to prove and strengthen their characters; and when he sees one too wicked to repent, he sets him forth as an example of what sin is, so that those who know him may avoid sin which brings such remorse and other misery with it. He gives a good man the love of his friends and peace of mind, so that others may be won to him likewise. Besides all this, when he sent his only Son into the world, it was not to make men gain any thing but the happiness of being good. Thus the Bible and God's works show

to us how great and good he is, that we may fear and love him; so that, as we fear and love him, we may forsake sin, and, as we love, we may be like him."—'I thought I could understand this, Ma'; and it seemed to me, that if those children who swear, and lie, and steal, had heard it, they would be better.'

"I believe, my son, if they thought about it, they would. To consider all things as tending to bring to pass the desires of that love which every where and always seeks to diffuse the happiness of true holiness, must, if the heart be accessible to religious impressions, touch it most powerfully.—But is this all your teacher said?"

"Oh, no. He spoke about the soul which God made, so that my heart swelled in me.—'My children, I gaze upon the stars and the moon, but can discern nothing like thought in them. They seem to move without choice or knowledge, like the stone when you throw it into the air. But you are able to think, and reason, and choose, and to remember what you think, or see, or feel. Hence you can raise your thoughts and desires to the great and holy God. Without God you cannot be happy: with him, you can gain the best, and endless happiness. Jesus Christ came to unite your souls to God, to make you share in his own

goodness; to fill you with his fulness. All who love, and trust, and obey him, are one with each other: Christ is in them, the Father is in them; their happiness is sure and lasting as the power of God. Love God your Father, Jesus Christ your Saviour, and all his disciples; do the will of God; be always tender and kind; never indulge bad passions; never dishonor your parents; avoid all that is wrong; be humble, meek, just. Then, if you die, you shall live again, and be with God forever. You will have the peace of God till you die; and you will awaken from death to see him and be like him.' This is the way our teacher talked to us, and I never forgot it. I am very happy when I think of him, of his voice, and of the place where we sat to see the great works of God and to hear of his love. I have been there alone since, that I might regain the delightful thoughts of that evening walk."

"You have given me great pleasure, George," said Mrs. Greenwood; "but you are young, and if you be not careful every day to read the Bible, and study God's works, and pray fervently, you will forget these instructions. But if you are watchful over your heart and all you do and say, God will finish the work, I trust, he has begun. Now we will hear Eliza tell us something of the last year."

Eliza thought she had seen nothing more affecting than

The Visit to a Death Bed.

"You remember being with me, mamma; when you wished me to go, I thought it must be very gloomy to see the sick man; and while we were walking over the meadow, and saw the flowers and the fruit, and my mates coming to gather them, I should have liked to stay and play with them. As we went through the orchard, and passed by the garden where there were other children, I would have stopped, if I could. It seemed dreadful to think of death; this world is so pleasant I wished to live in it always with you, and father, and George. But after I was in the room where the sick man lay, it looked very differently, from what I expected. You remember how he sat bolstered up in his bed, with his eyes closed and his hands clasped, and his lips moving between a whisper and a smile. I had seen him appear so at meeting; in the time of sermon or prayer, he would sit in his seat looking so quiet, fervent, so holy, that I thought of heaven where all worship God from their hearts. He was nearer now, it seemed to me, to

that world he loved so well. As you drew closer to him, he opened his eyes, and took your hand and then mine. How calmly he said, 'I am almost gone, my departure is at hand. But I am happy; I have sought to live the life of the righteous so that I might die the death of the righteous. I am going to a just Judge; if I have been faithful, I shall be accepted, if not, he will do right in casting me off forever. I can trust only in the Lord Jesus Christ. I have been enquiring of myself a long time, if there was any thing in the world I loved so well as Jesus Christ, but I can find nothing.' His minister, you remember, came to see him while we were there; the good man was too feeble to say much; he wished to hear him preach once more, but his strength was too far gone.—He read a chapter in which Jesus comforted his disciples, and dwelt much, as he spoke of it, on the Saviour's love and the happiness of heaven which was promised; then prayed with him and commended his spirit to the Lord Jesus. The sick man listened with fervor, his soul was happy. He wished to converse a long time with his pastor, but could not. 'I am not able,' he told him, 'to say much. I hoped to, before I died; but we know perfectly each other's minds. We have often spoken together of

the things of God; they are now my happiness.' How patient he was in all his infirmities! how humble and thankful! how full of love to all about him! I shall never shun a death-bed again."

"This leads me," said Mrs. Greenwood, "to think of some things which George has repeated, about the soul. The good man we visited, died as he lived, and rejoiced in death, hoping for heaven. His body is covered up in the earth, and mouldering away; can a soul like his be with it? All God's works are beautifully shaped to each other; could it be so, were the soul, which is so great even in death, which sought through life for something it was equal to but could not reach, and which is impressed with higher dignity and brighter seals of the Godhead, than the whole world we look on,—to die with the body? The house is too frail to endure; when it falls, does the occupant go to a better, or perish?"

"I have had feelings like these, ma," added Eliza, "but I knew no words to express them. Last winter, I thought I should be happy enough when spring came, and George and I could walk together in the fields, and pluck the flowers, and talk about all we wished. The spring came, and then I asked for summer; as the summer was

passing, I hoped to find autumn happier.—But there was no change, and I have found nothing to give me full content. I thought if I could have a place and friends such as poems and stories describe, I must be happy; but I always wished for something beyond all I could reach. It is because the soul is so much greater than any thing in the world; is it not, mamma?"

"It is, my daughter; and the Bible only reveals that which can fill the mind. *There be many that say, who will show us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.—As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.—Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.*"

Henry and William were pleased with their trip into the woods in the spring with George and Eliza, and the eldest began to describe

The May-day Walk.

"It was a little after sun-rise; we had been thinking of the walk a great while; we were up very early, and started for the woods.

We went through the pasture, and saw the cattle just beginning to bite the grass, and the sheep nibbling on a little hill near us with the lambs frisking about them. Then we went down into a piece of low ground; there was a brook running through it; high elms bent over it, sometimes rising in a circle around a grassy spot; the brook was at their root, winding its course through the valley; and all was calm and beautiful."

"There were many wild flowers in that nook of ground," said William, who looked to the minuter productions of nature, as his brother loved its broader and more open forms. "Just where the snow-drop could steal a dry place over the waters, it would spread itself out, and sometimes dip its leaves and its bunch of tiny blossoms into the brook. I pulled up a root—the one which I planted in the garden; you remember what pretty flowers it bore in the bed. A stalk was just peeping out of the ground, which George called the *lily;* and when I brought it to the garden, how tall it grew, and bore a spotted yellow flower, which hung down like a bell. We came to the upland, and found in the woods a plant with a slender stalk from which three leaves grow out, and between them a fine stem that rises a few inches, and bears

on its top an erect and broad-leafed flower."

"I have often seen it," said his mother, "by the road-side in woods. The name it has in some places, is *fit-root*; the Indians call it so from a medicinal property they suppose it to possess. Its name with botanists, I do not know.—You may go, William, and get your little collection of flowers, and, faded as they are, we will look at the whole, when Henry has gone through his walk."

Henry continued: "We went from this valley through a field into a large forest. The leaves were just shooting out, and spreading a fresh green over the whole wood. The birds were singing on the branches; but when we found a nest, George and Eliza told us we must not touch it. Sometimes, they said, if the old birds were afraid, they would leave their nests, so that no young birds would come from the eggs. They told us too, that in the summer we must never get the little robbins or sparrows, or any other bird from the nest, for it was cruel; the young would be sad because they could not fly with their mates in the open air, and the old would mourn because they had lost what they loved and took care of many a long day and chilly night. We thought it quite right which they said; and I never mean to steal a bird in my life, or any other

creature. I love to see the squirrel run along the fence, or the fields or woods, and sit down in a safe place to eat his nuts and corn; and how beautiful the weazel is—he would run as if he were flying, and I could scarcely get a peep at him before he was hid in his hole. Then there are the rabbit, and the deer, and many more animals, I love too well to hunt or hurt.

"We heard a roaring sound not far from us, and were afraid. But George said it was a brook falling over rocks; and the melted snow and the April rain made it very large. So we thought we would go to it. Oh ma, I wish you could have seen it! There was a long, open valley, as if the hill had been parted, before us; the sides which went down to the water's edge, were steep and rough; the brook foamed over great rocks; when we looked upward, we saw and heard it dashing down over ledges; below us, it struck a vast rock that crossed its path, and fell into a sort of trough it had worn in the earth underneath. Above, it rose in spray white as snow; below, it lay in sheets of foam, then spread out smooth and clear, and flowed evenly under the trees, and was sometimes lost almost in the moist earth and among the fallen leaves.

"Now we began to think of coming home.

The plain which we saw from the wood as we came out of it, and the houses scattered over it, were very pleasant; the sun shone on them from a high place in the sky; and homeward we tripped, bringing flowers we picked for Mary, and wishing to see you and pa', and to play with little Caroline."

William's flowers were now together; he brought also a few mineral specimens, which his father taught him to value with all the works of nature, because they are works of God. Besides the wild flowers, of which he had gathered many from the intervals, the swamps, the fields, the forests, and the banks of brooks and rivers, he had those which, in our climate, grow only by culture. With the blue flower borne on a stalk enclosed by the long and pointed leaves of a species of flag which springs up in low and neglected lands, he held one somewhat like it, but larger and more splendid from the garden.—With the white violet and the finer blue, which spread over the fields from early spring into the summer, he pointed to the deep and brilliant hues of a flower that blows every month, which some call *ladies' delight*. With the wild-rose, whose four leaves open and fall unseen in the desolate pasture ground he showed the full and fragrant rose, the queen of flowers. Next, he opened his lit-

tle cabinet; it had not many minerals,—the neighborhood yielded few varieties,—but his father early accustomed him to gather them in his walks, and preserve them as illustrations, not less than other portions of nature, of the inexhaustible riches of the wisdom and power of God.—"Look," cried he, "look at these pieces of ising-glass; here is one as clear as glass itself; another—it has as many colors as the prism; see these others, black, green, and colored like lilac. Here is the schorl, black like the coal and brittle; here the tourmaline—how deep the green, and how clear to look through! here is the red tourmaline; this piece like crimson and that like the peach; here the white, clear and tinged with red; and here are several shades of the blue. This is the quartz; see how white! there is a piece of dull and dark color, a mere pebble; there is a beautiful one, and bright though clouded. There are crystals of quartz—how finely shaped! how smooth and well turned to the end! how clear, and what hues like the rainbow!"—Thus William dwelt on the beauty of his minerals and flowers, till, as he finished, his brother took out of his pocket and gave him a few pieces of crystallized quartz and feldspar, adding,—"I got them when I was riding with father through Greenwood, and

kept them for memorials of the cave from which they were taken. We left the chaise to look at the cave which was not far off. A deep valley runs through the town from the hills on the southern shore of the Androscoggin, and continues to widen till it is lost in the large pond in Norway and the low lands about it. The cave is in the hill east of this valley, far above its bed. A *spur*, as they term it, juts far out into this valley, and ends in a high precipice looking to the south-west. The rock, at the top of the precipice, hangs over the base, like a piazza. At the southern extremity, the cave opens into the hill; its mouth is of the width of thirty feet, and its height forty. It grows narrower as you enter, and its sides meet at the end of the cave, more than seventy feet from the opening. The floor is of limestone broken to pieces the roof is hung with *stalactites*, resembling icicles. The cave is so wide and open as to let in the full sun-light, and as we turned to go out, we saw the trees rising high in the valley, and shading with thick leaves the ascent of the hill and the cliffs. We passed from the cave to the right; the white rock was far above us; at our feet the moss spread its soft green; in one place a stream was bursting from the hill-side; and we had frequent glimpses of the meadows, of the

herds and flocks grazing in the pasture, and of the green corn waving in the west wind."*

Mary and Caroline had set long for children so young; they grew restless and playful; and the tales of the new year's morning were interrupted by the irresistible propensity to share in its pleasures. The elder children were called to their books, and the younger sported and danced in their unsought joy of heart.

The Christian's views of the creation.

COWPER.

He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—My Father made them all!
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,

* For the substance of this description, I am indebted to an article in the Oxford Observer of Oct. 11, 1824, connected by Viator with a valuable series on the "Mineralogy and Geology of Oxford County."

That planned, and built, and still upholds
A world so clothed with beauty for rebellious man?

The New Year's Evening.

"It is a rough evening without," said Mr. Greenwood, as he rose from the table at which he was writing, and listened to the roar of the wind. His younger children were asleep; the elder of them were by his side and their mother's, engaged industriously in their proper employments. "The new year has brought severe cold; but we are happy in our security. I trust we have remembered the destitute, and done what we could for their comfort this cold season. Let us now think of what the hour calls solemnly to mind. It seems but a day since the last new year; this is going away as rapidly. I have a discourse by me that I heard early last year; perhaps we may listen to it this evening. Every thing around us testifies to the truth of its great point."

The family were not like some to whom a sermon is another name for dulness—an apology for sleep. They loved to hear sermons from the pulpit, and to read them in private. They prepared themselves now to listen without interruption to their father, as he took the manuscript from his desk and opened it. He began:—

1 Cor. vii, 31.—The fashion of this world passeth away. The frequency with which the fugitive nature of earthly things forces itself on the mind, far from impairing the interest which men feel in the subject, is a strong indication that its hold on their hearts is abiding. Of the same fact we have constant testimony in the attractiveness of the examples furnished by nature and poetry in illustration of our mortality, in the thrilling and mysterious power with which the very names of such objects as the setting sun, the waning moon, dissolving clouds, autumn, evening, ever falling leaves and a wasting lamp,—the common emblems of our condition on earth,—go through the soul waking its deepest emotions, as the night-air wakes the pensive melodies of the wind-harp. Nor are there in the word of inspiration any passages more familiar, none seizing our attention more strongly, throwing, as it were a spell about the heart,—than those which compare life to the fleeting forms of nature, or which, as in the simple language of the text, assure us that the fashion of this world passeth away. This assurance may be illustrated with respect to the possessions, the enjoyments and sufferings of life, its connexions, and the world itself.

Of earthly possessions no more should be expected than will satisfy want, together with

their continuance through life. Let this expectation be realized. I am not now to set forth their insufficiency even when attained, to fill your desires; I am not to say—obvious as the truth is—how they float, as it were, over the surface of thought without touching its deep and ever gushing fountains,—how they dwell without the soul unable to enter its inmost seat, the shrine which God only can fill; I have another object, to remind you that, if they could go deeper into the soul, their abode is of short duration. Gather all which you desire around you. Ask of your often languid body, of your thinking mind, of your early friends, of the providence of God, how long it will remain with you. A voice, like the vision of the eastern monarch, comes from other ages, from the depths of the soul, from the seat of the Eternal,—Prepare thyself; thou must go to God. From thy body returned to the earth, thy spirit shall rise to other scenes. Thy life, a prophetic though fitful dream,—life, the momentary breath, rising, and swelling, and sinking before some awful pause in the winter-tempest,—is but the herald of death. *Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?*

Besides wealth, there are many sources of enjoyment and suffering. The senses, the aptites, the desires are so many susceptibilities of

both adapted to our relations to the portion of the universe which surrounds us; they are the chords that respond to the various classes of objects with which we are connected. Figure to yourselves an individual, in whom these susceptibilities are refined to the utmost, and around whom these objects are profusely gathered. The eye is filled with brilliant visions; the flesh is indulged in all it asks; the pride of the soul is sustained by the acclamations of praise. The day is spent in absorbing business; the evening passes in festivity; night prepares by the repose it gives for succeeding alternations of occupation and amusement. The scene is changed. On the cheek of this happy man the bloom of health has faded, his limbs are enfeebled, his whole frame is emaciated. Tell him now of mirthful hours; tell him the festive band is collected, the viol leads on the dance, the wine sparkles in the cup, the smile brightens the cheek of youth and health and love. No voice whispers rest to his feverish spirit. Tell him of his own praise,—it was once sweeter than music to his soul; it dies away, unheeded, now. One more change! His brow is fixed and pale. He is carried forth to mingle with the dissolving clods. O Pleasure, whither hast thou fled? Sure thy seat is not in the dark tomb; no, thou hast

sought a living bosom to lead astray and abandon! Praise, airy and fugitive shadow, whither art thou vanished? Hears he thine enchanting tones? Thou sendest them swelling and echoing to other ages; they float in widening circles with the hours over his grave,—canst thou carry them down to his lowly resting-place? Alas! the breath that stirs the sunny surface of the stream, leaves its deep bed untouched and darkling.

When the enjoyments of life end, then end its many sufferings. You endure the censures of men; they will be forgotten, unheeded, in the grave. You are poor; the little which you need below, will not be wanted long. You suffer distressing sickness; it will help the body to its last rest. You feel oppression; *there the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master. There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest.*

With the possessions, enjoyments and sufferings of life, its connexions also terminate. From whom of us has not some friend been already taken? The parent has wept for his children; or the husband or wife for the dissolution of ties formed in youth and cemented by mutual cares and hopes; or the child for the father or

mother whose pride and joy he was. The young man has been abandoned by his earliest companions; the old man stands alone deserted by the friends of his youth. They were pioneers in the path which survivers must tread: *one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh.* The waves swell and are broken; new waves swell and are broken; the ocean heaves and foams beneath the perpetual rush of waters rolling together and severed, mingling, dissolving, lost.

The successive destinies of individual and associated men, are emblems of the catastrophe to which the world is itself reserved. Twice already it has been, if we may so term it, in ruins. When it was first created, we know not. The period is not defined in the Bible. The Bible tells us of the earth, now productive and beautiful, now enlightened by sun, and moon, and stars, as a chaos *without form and void*, and overspread with darkness. Again it was overwhelmed by a deluge: *The waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered.* The system awaits a third revolution. *The world that then was*, existing either in chaos or in the flood, *being overflowed with water, perished. But the heavens and the earth which are now, by the word*

of God are kept in store, reserved unto fire. This change in the material world is preliminary to the universal judgment,—*I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead small and great stand before God: and the books were opened; and another book was opened which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.*

To these changes in the visible creation, the present season has long been viewed as furnishing the best analogies. Nature desolate, the tempest gathering and pouring out its fury, the promises of spring and the riches of autumn vanished,—these are the daily-repeated prophecies, the ever-recurring emblems of what man shall be, when beauty, joy, wealth, friendship wither beneath the blast of death; of what the world shall be when its fields occupied by the habitations of men, and flourishing with their labor, its green valleys watered by deep and beautiful streams, its high mountains crowned with inaccessible and perpetual forests, pass away like the visions of sleep; when with the vast globe, its spacious continents and its unbounded oceans, the heavens shall be rolled

together. Yet 'tis not a gloomy prospect. —True, we cannot make our own or nature's frame immortal, if we would; but I envy not the man who would, if it were in his power. Oh, who—conscious of powers though infant now, yet aspiring after something beyond their years and above their reach—who, feeling himself oppressed by worldly cares and feeble flesh detaching him from the Spirit of heaven,—would ask eternal imprisonment?—Rather let the body perish, that the soul may be free; that the soul may plume its fledged wings, and do the behests of its great parent amidst the brightness itself of his presence.

To want those views of immortality, confirmed by the testimony of God given to the world through his Son, and by the resurrection of Jesus, has been the lot of many minds, formed (if they could have grasped sacred truth) to enshrine it in man's deepest thoughts and affections. Lost in endless mazes of error, they swerved from their better destiny; and, instead of inspiring truth with confidence and virtue with energy, they still live in the products of their genius, to soothe vice and uphold delusion, to produce oblivious scepticism of futurity, to urge festivity because life is short, diligence in dissipation because the period of dissipation is but a moment. As believers in

the gospel of Christ,—as disciples of him who hath declared himself *the resurrection and the life*, we admit, I say not without reluctance, but with elevated joy, the Epicurean delineations of human frailty; but educe from them a different inference;—Treading continually over the ashes of the dead, we learn our destiny. The fire within us shall soon go out. We pursue hourly the track that leads to death. Over us all, undistinguishing night is rushing. The moment, in which we speak it, passes, and leaves us nearer to the last. But we will neither repine, nor waste the future in mirth. Nor will we be thoughtless, absorbed in the present on which the future presses so closely. With a leader from heaven, with the fulness of Jesus Christ to sustain us amidst the depressing scenes of earth, with the inspiration of God's Spirit to guide and prompt our fervor, we will not yield to despair; we will fear naught but sin, we will hold fast our integrity unto death, we will pursue, till we perceive in our own souls, the image of divine perfection. Begotten of God to immortal life, we will forget neither our origin nor our destiny; that when, as soon it must, the fashion of this world shall pass away, other worlds may be the scene of our constant effort and endless progress.

To reflect on the short continuance of earthly things without thought of futurity or instructions to religion, avails nothing to our spiritual improvement. As it will not increase happiness to feel that its end is near, so it can neither advance virtue to teach that its sphere of operation, and even existence, is narrow, nor withdraw the soul from earthly affections to learn that their object is evanescent. This effect can be secured only by bringing heavenly objects into contact with mind, by conviction that eternity shall succeed time; that the future is better than the present; that heaven is man's destined abode; that, in a word, as the Apostle affirms of the dispensation of Moses compared with the gospel of Jesus, the world hath *no glory by reason of the glory that excelleth.* And to both the same argument will apply,—*If that which is done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious.* By one or the other of these objects,—by the momentary or the permanent, mind must be possessed. It must be occupied; mind cannot exemplify in itself the vacuity which philosophy may imagine in the infinitude of space. It will be *filled* by the world, till the world be expelled by a massier object. It will cling to the moment which divides life from immortality, till hope and faith fix its

grasp to the glories of the opening paradise. Now how can it be, that acknowledging all we affirm of the fashion of this world, and of the duration of what is to come, man yet chooses and cleaves to the receding shadow? Can this wonderful phenomenon be accounted for without ascribing to him something worse than folly? without resorting to principles in the heart which imply guilt? True, the mind, from its very nature, feels the present more than the future,—from its early connection with matter, worldly things rather than spiritual,—from its union with the body, sensitive above intellectual objects. Still it can counteract these propensities. It often does. In the conflict of worldly interests, it surrenders the near to more remote good; in the conflict of which the best men are conscious between religion and the passions, the invisible and the spiritual gain a progressive victory over all which the world offers and the appetites seek. After every legitimate deduction of physical obstacles to the employment of thought and action in religion, the great cause remains; the cause which self-direction, guided by the truth and power of God, would prevent or remove, depravity criminal not only in itself but in its indulgence, and with indulgence multiplying its operations,—acquiring strength as it advan-

oes. Gratitude for divine mercies, love of truth and holiness, diffusive benevolence, these feelings could not fail of imparting spirituality to the mind; but of these feelings, who will attempt to justify the absence?

That you may derive salutary effects from considering this subject, it is first indispensable to carry the mind forward in its affections and hopes, to look down, if we may so speak, on earth as if out of heaven. To gain this summit, this mount of vision, is the high office of faith, of belief and trust in him who *hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light.* Believe in Jesus as your best and well-tried friend. Believe that he *was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.* Trust to his sacrifice, his power and love, assured that in his *Father's house* (and he hath authorized us to deem his Father our own also) *are many mansions,* into which he hath gone to prepare a place for his disciples.

Faith like this, exerting its true influence, is essentially connected with the regeneration which our Saviour declares to be necessary to the perception and enjoyment of his kingdom; that change, which transfers man from a state of worldliness to union with God, which breaks his connection with sin and forms him to holi-

ness, which adds to his relations to this life those of an endless existence, makes him a citizen of heaven, while a pilgrim on earth, and surrounds his embryo powers with the mightiest instruments and the noblest forms of excellence, while at the same moment it instils that vigorous and celestial principle which raises them continually from the mass of worldly corruption to the higher scenes they witness in their perpetual ascent. To bring within your own experience these sure results of the new birth, abandon every course of sin, resist each tendency to disobedience, perform faithfully every ascertained duty, study the Bible as God's Word, and pray fervently for his Spirit, —maintaining through the whole of life an inward intercourse with the Great Being, who is at once the source and the portion of holiness, its inspirer, its patron, its rewarder. Let the year which ye may have begun without God and without hope, be hallowed as the era of your conversion by the divine power and truth. Then ye may rejoice, that the fashion of this world passeth away; now, its progress hastens your destruction.

The fashion of this world passeth away. Ye acknowledge it to be true; do ye heed its solemn intimations of duty? do ye renounce its

idolatry? do ye cease from pursuing its sinful customs and its deceiving promises?

The fashion of this world passeth away. Ye have lost possessions ever deemed secure, enjoyments once imagined to be—may I not say?—inalienable, friends whose memory is woven into the whole web of your affections. These are monitors of your destiny; have ye listened to their voice, and sought imperishable wealth, unmingled pleasures and immortal friends?

The fashion of this world passeth away. Heaven and Hell conspire with Earth to announce your destiny. From both comes the voice of the dead—the ascended saint calling you upward—the perished outcast from God urging you to avoid the place of torment. Both entreat you to resist the world, to flee from its dominion, to cherish a faith victorious, like its author, over the empire of sin. Will ye listen to the voice! Young men!—will you put your strength forth to the encounter? Child! will you begin life for God, like Jesus, the holy son of Mary? Shall manhood spend its energies on what it has long confessed to be phantoms? Shall old age, just mooring in its last haven, cling to its wreck? As it sees paradise near, shall it refuse to breathe the fresh and sacred air which floats about its own desolations?

The fashion of this world passeth away. But

there are objects which can never pass; God, the Father of the universe, Jesus his everlasting Son, the Spirit which teaches what man cannot see, or hear, or learn from his own feeble organs;—next MIND, God's image, the manifestation of his attributes. Man, to whom a breath may convey pestilence, whom the feeblest insect may harass, whom the fire burns, water overwhelms, sickness wastes, the worm devours;—man, chained down to bodily toils, the creature of a day, the sport of casualties, is yet immortal, destined to walk above the stars, to serve God as his priest in the celestial temple. I figure to myself first the material creation, immense and magnificent, the *tent*, according to the representation of inspired writers, the palace of Jehovah; then some man weak in body, poor in estate, ignorant in mind, despised like his Saviour and forsaken of men. In this suffering disciple, I discern a brighter impress of Divinity than is stamped on the universe of matter. This is the mirror, he the image, of the Eternal. This shall pass away, he shall live unhurt amidst the ruin. The flame of mind which burns feebly now, shall be brighter than the sun; and, when the sun goes out in darkness, shall gather and diffuse forever its godlike effulgence.

If man, amidst a perishing universe, possess

a principle so abiding; if, even when the world is burned up, the soul shall remain unscathed in its flames, and if, as the Bible assures us, the soul may perish—how strong the motive to industry in the discharge of every duty! Let the intellectual and the moral powers be cultivated with assiduity. Let duty both to God and to man be done faithfully. Nay, let the common offices of life be performed with diligence and fervor of spirit. Think not that the business of life is too low for your aspirations and your destiny, that it interferes with holier employments. Rather make every occupation, every action, the whole of your business, subsidiary to religion, devoting each moment to God, and doing the duties of your stations as servants, cheerfully awaiting your elevation to a higher place in the family of God. As children in pupilage, consent to live and labor like children, till you reach the fulness of your stature and the maturity of your powers; to endure discipline, to prepare for your manhood of being: be children of obedience, *not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance; but as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation.* This apostolic injunction shows what ought always to be a specific object of your industry,—the culture of spiritual affec-

tions with a life inspired and controlled by their influence. Such culture will save you from the doom, succeeding the period when to you the fashion of this world has passed away, which Jesus Christ has so impressively described. Ever adapting his instructions to the character and circumstances of those with whom he conversed; he uttered to the Pharisees, *who*, it is declared, *were covetous*, a parable illustrating the inefficacy of wealth to man's final happiness. The rich man, attired in regal magnificence, *clothed in purple and fine linen*, possessed of all which appetite could demand, *faring sumptuously every day*, fell before the great enemy,—he *died; and was buried*, doubtless, with the splendor suited to his wealth and luxury. In his life time, he received his good things; in the receptacle of the dead, he is tormented. He is separated at an impassable distance from the spirits of just men, from Abraham, his great progenitor, nay, from Lazarus who once laid in poverty and pain at his door. He loved money, he idolized the fashion of this world; it passed and left him desolate and ruined. Or, consider the inefficacy to your salvation, not of wealth merely, but of honor, of pleasure, of all the world gives and vaunts.—Diligently purifying and strengthening your af-

fections, if ye possess large estates,—if ye have received the *mammon of unrighteousness*, ye will employ it to prepare you for *everlasting habitations;* if ye are poor in this world, yet are ye rich by faith, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ.

A great defect among christians in this culture of the heart, consists in neglect of well-defined system. They leave their affections, so to speak, to form themselves, to grow at random. Adopt such a course, or rather adopt no course established and pursued, in your worldly labor; submit the whole to the influence of momentary feeling; make the cultivation of your fields, the care of your property, not a business, but a thing of casualty. How soon would every thing run to waste!—Fear ye not that similar neglect of the soul will involve you in spiritual bankruptcy?

Nor confine your efforts to your own salvation; seek earnestly the salvation of others, of your relatives, your neighbors, your friends. Set before men the most persuasive argument to repentance, a character conformed to the doctrine and life of Jesus,—upright, humble, meek, ready to surrender every thing to religion and duty, but retaining them at every hazard. Present to God the most effectual instrument of securing his favor, incessant

prayer, issuing from a purified heart and earnest affections. Thus, after the approaching revolutions of the universe, ye may hope to mingle with those whom ye loved and mourned on earth; to praise God, not only that ye and they are happy, but that ye were helpers of their virtue, workers with God in strengthening their faith, inspiring their love, and exalting their hope. Can earth furnish an office honorable and blissful like this? Can a nobler scene of ambition be opened, than that in which we are ministers of God to men, associated with angels in aiding the progress, and sustaining the souls, of the heirs of salvation?—laboring with the Lord Jesus Christ and with God, even the Father, in advancing the destined results of his infinite providence and endless love?

Promise of God the Father to the Son.

MILTON.

When thou, attended gloriously from Heaven,
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send,
The summoning archangel to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep:
Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels; they arraigned shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her members full,
Thenceforth shall be forever shut. Meanwhile

The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And, after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.

CONTENTS.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

BY A. W. THOROLD.

How lightly some can speak of love,
  And call the Saviour dear,
Who seldom lift their hearts above,
  Or throb with holy fear?

They say they glory in the cross,
  Yet none themselves they bear;
They think, while free from pain and loss,
  The martyr's crown to wear.

But love is just the hardest thing
  A man can learn to do;
And that of which ten thousand sing
  Is understood by few.

It is not but a passing thrill,
  A ray of winter's sun;
It is a heart, and mind, and will,
  By which our life is done.

It yields, if God should ask for much,
  Nay, if he asks for all;
It welcomes e'en His chastening touch,
  And hears His lightest call.

If truly we would learn to live,
  To love we must begin;
Yet who can force himself to give
  What only grace can win?

My Saviour, if I dare not say
  That I have love to Thee,
Do Thou, I pray Thee, day by day,
  Reveal Thy love to me.

And this shall be my rapture, when
  Before Thy face I bow;
I only *wished* to love Thee then,
  I *know* I love Thee now.